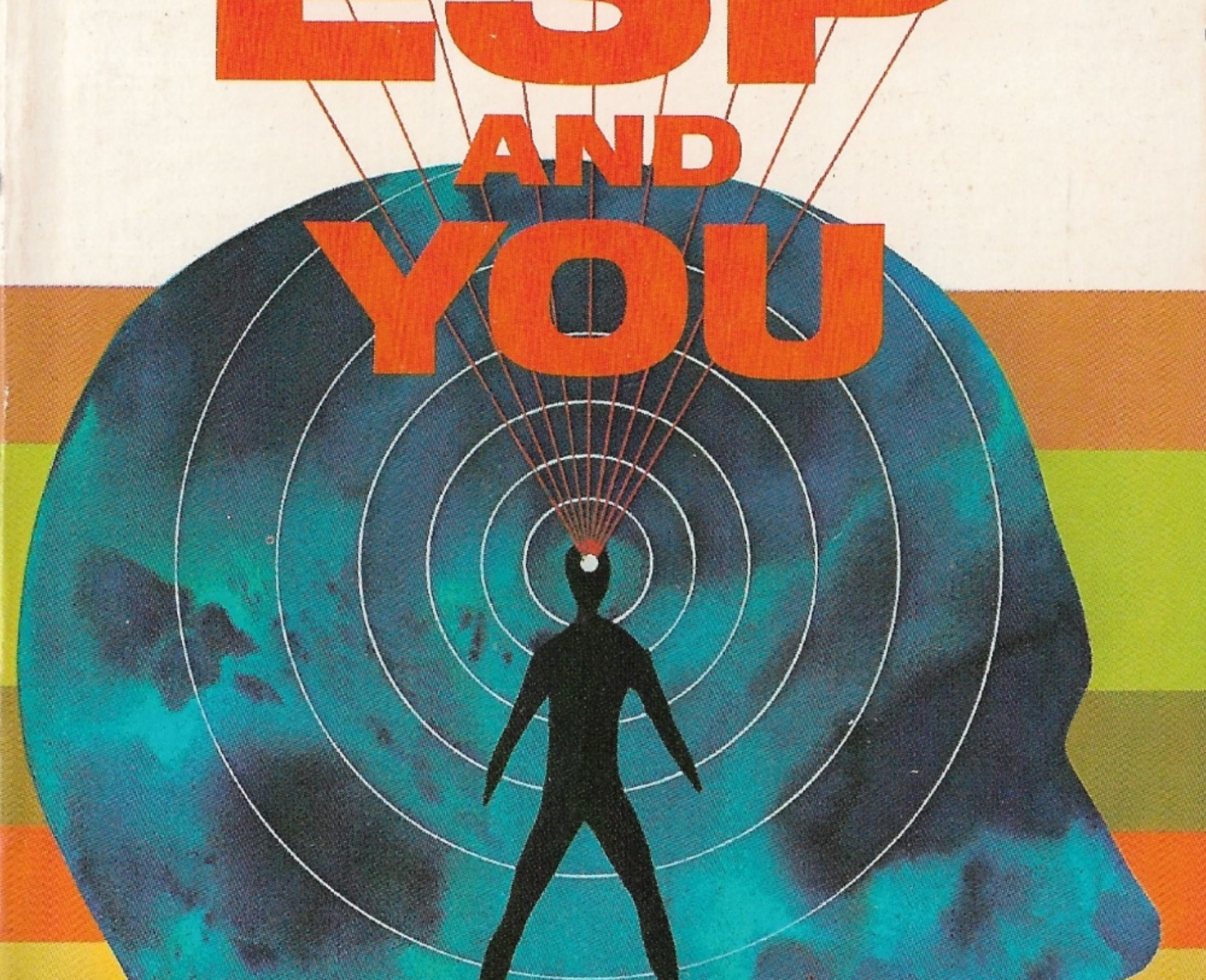
MB

95¢ • 95-186 •

SUSY SMITH

ESP AND YOU



Strange and sometimes uncontrollable powers lurk within the minds of all men. This book explores them all—from ESP to demonic possession

Do You Believe in ESP?

If not, how do you account for

. . . the young soldier who traveled 14,000 miles through astral projection to visit his dying father?

. . . the girl whose life was saved after her car crashed because her father received an extrasensory message telling him where to find her body?

. . . the twin who suffered from morning sickness and labor pains during her sister's pregnancy?

These are just a few of the well-documented cases in this absorbing account of the psychic experiences of apparently normal people. The book may not convert you to a belief in the occult, but it's bound to fascinate and disturb you.

E S P
AND YOU

Susy Smith

MB

A MACFADDEN-BARTELL BOOK

A Macfadden book 1972

This is a Macfadden original
never before published in book form.

Macfadden-Bartell Corporation
A subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation
205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York, 10017

Copyright, ©, 1972 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation. Published by arrangement with the author. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

Contents

I INTRODUCTION 7
II DEMON LOVERS 13
III MARITAL RELATIONS 24
IV BABIES 31
V FAMILY AFFAIRS 38
VI TWINS 45
VII FAMILIAR SPIRITS 50
VIII ESP AND PSYCHOANALYSIS..... 56
IX THE ORIGINAL FLYING NUNS..... 63
X POSSESSION 78
XI SILENT CULEBRA! 90
XII WITCHES 98
XIII BLACK MAGIC 105
XIV VAMPIRES 116
XV POLTERGEISTS 123
XVI ESP AND ACID.....134
XVII PSYCHING THE PSYCHICS.....142
XVIII WHAT COMES NEXT?.....149
BIBLIOGRAPHY 157

Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

I would almost be willing to wager that you, the readers, have ESP. You may not know it. Then again you may observe frequent instances of it. Since extrasensory perception manifests itself at the unconscious level, it seldom can be produced at will except by persons who have devoted years of study to developing it. But it occurs spontaneously on occasion to a fantastic number of people. That's why I believe that you are more than likely to have these abilities—at least latently. It may take a time of crisis to bring them to the fore, or they may occur quite casually at unsuspected moments, as they did to a 15-year-old girl named Pat.

Pat was walking with a friend along a street in Jamaica on New York's Long Island on the afternoon of Friday, November 29, 1968. As they passed a 1966 or 1967 model car parked beside the curb, Pat happened to look inside it. She saw a woman in her late forties or early fifties with short curly hair sitting at the wheel. The woman's head was slumped over to the side against the back of the seat and she looked as if she were dead, her body and her clothing all being a grayish-white color. Just as Pat started to call her friend Debbie's attention to the sight, the woman was not there anymore. The car was empty. And Pat was amazed. She wrote me, "I know I saw somebody in that car. It wasn't a reflection from the sun because it wasn't a sunny day. I've never taken drugs and don't drink and I'm sure it wasn't a hallucination. Was it at all possible that what I saw could be a ghost? It looked so real."

Yes, Pat, I think you saw a ghost. If you were the first person who ever told me that, I might suspect you were hallucinating. But you are at least the hundredth person who has recounted a story of a similar nature, and I have

read thousands of other such cases. Very few of these people who have so reported have been oddballs. And so I have concluded that such things happen to perfectly normal people under perfectly ordinary circumstances.

It hardly seems necessary to give a definition of ESP to today's readers, who are so much more sophisticated about such things than those to whom I directed the first books I wrote years ago. Yet for the occasional individual who might not be aware of it, ESP stands for extrasensory perception—knowledge gained without the use of any of the normal senses. Specifically, ESP is limited to three capacities: telepathy (mind reading), clairvoyance (supernormal knowledge of a thing or event), and precognition (supernormal knowledge of the future). PK, or psychokinesis, is also invariably included along with ESP, for it is the power of the mind to influence inanimate objects—mind over matter. Other psychical phenomena which are usually discussed under the general heading of ESP, because they are supernormal manifestations in which extrasensory perception is involved, are ghosts, poltergeists, possession, mediumship, witchcraft, dowsing, spirit communication, out-of-body travel, and faith, psychic, or spirit healing. None of these are actually "supernatural" or "beyond nature"; supernormal only means that we as yet do not know how to account for them under the natural laws we at present understand.

It is easier to test for such aspects of ESP as telepathy or precognition, and this has been accomplished successfully in laboratories. From time to time one hears of an individual who has attempted to test himself at home with successful results. P. McTernan of West Nyack, New York, wrote me about a few efforts he made to produce spontaneous telepathy. It isn't possible to declare that his results were genuinely positive, but they do give indication of it. This young man says that on October 17, 1970, he was reading the chapter on telepathy in my book *Widespread Psychic Wonders*. As he lay there on his bed, he put the book aside and thought about mind-to-mind communication, wondering if it might be possible to cause someone else to think of you if you fixed your thoughts on him firmly enough. He decided to concentrate on his brother Michael and see if he could make him telephone.

Mike had recently left home. The family had heard from him two days before from Oklahoma City, so P. sent his thoughts in that general direction. It was 7:15 P.M., he noticed, as he was concentrating on beaming his brother the message to call home at once. At 7:20 the telephone rang. It was Mike. Asked when he had decided to call, he said he'd thought about it earlier in the day and then forgotten it. Then, suddenly, just about five minutes earlier, he had remembered and had placed his call.

Encouraged by his first attempt at telepathy, P. tried it again on October 21. At 7:30 he decided to concentrate on a girl friend in New York City, about 20 miles away, with the idea of making her call him. He worked hard at it for about ten minutes, then, when nothing happened, he gave up, deciding that he probably didn't have the ability to communicate mentally after all, and that his brother's call at his apparent command had just been coincidence. At 8:35 the girl phoned from New York City. She said she'd tried to call him an hour before, but had found the line busy.

Today it is only a very unenlightened few who make any claim that man knows all the natural laws that govern his universe. Scientists went through a period toward the end of the last century when they were beginning to think they had found explanations for almost everything—and then they split the atom! This has raised so many more questions than it has answered that now many physical scientists are among the most open-minded of individuals—even about ESP!

All kinds of psychical experiences have been happening from the beginning of mankind's existence on earth. They were accepted as routine facts of life until recent centuries when materialism took over as the preferred philosophy, during which time they have been ignored by science and classified as myths, hallucinations, old wives' tales, or folklore. Today most of us have reached the point where we are aware that a purely mechanistic explanation to the major questions of existence is no explanation at all, for it fails to take into account many of the realities. And the main realities it ignores are those revealed by psychical research (or parapsychology). Inexplicable phenomena do occur, and to deny this or laugh it off is to reveal a lack of

knowledge about some of the most fascinating aspects of life.

Incidentally, for those persons with a tendency to sell psychical research short, a little study will reveal that it is actually way ahead of the times in many areas. Hypnosis, an old psychic standby, is only now coming into acceptance as a healing adjunct. Dentists are finding it useful for soothing nervous patients, analysts use it as part of their treating techniques, and the medical profession has begun to accord it a certain amount of respect. In June 1969, a Philadelphia woman had her uterus removed without anesthetics, relying on self-hypnosis to protect her from pain. This was unusual enough to warrant an Associated Press account of it in the newspapers. But books about psi phenomena written before the turn of the century were accepting hypnosis for what it is worth even then, and most mediums have always used a form of self-hypnosis to go into trance.

The same thing is true of psychedelic drugs. Long before any hippie got high on acid, and before it was illegal, parapsychologists were using mescaline, peyote, and LSD for controlled mind-expanding experiments. As any search in the files of the Societies for Psychical Research will prove, years ago parapsychologists were writing papers on psychedelics' powers, potentialities . . . and peculiarities!

I think it pertinent to mention these points because the "far out" concept—ESP—is now recognized as being so IN as to be almost commonplace, and both parapsychologists and witches (to go from one extreme to another) are to be found on almost any college campus. Perhaps the existence of incubi, the dangers of possession, and other weird manifestations to be discussed in this book will be acknowledged as factual by the general public in another ten years. Who knows?

ESP occurs all around you in the home, functioning most frequently and most successfully between members of a family, or between individuals who have a great deal of rapport. In the church, religion interrelates with ESP on a primary level.

Indeed, ESP is the basic factor in almost all primitive religious ceremonies—psychical phenomena are the end results hoped for. There is no science if the facts are only

half-verified, and yet many persons today try to understand early or primitive religions while at the same time ignoring their supernormal content. In a paper entitled "Parapsychology, Ethnology and History of Religion" presented at the International Symposium on Psychology and Parapsychology, Professor Ernesto de Martino said, "It is impossible to study the magic or religious ideology of the so-called primitive civilizations if one deliberately neglects the reality of paranormal phenomena." We might as well face it, from the rainmaking of the Indian witch doctors to divination of the future by a Greek pythoness of Delphi, ESP is active in every aspect of religion.

The far-reaching resemblance of magic ritual and mythical concepts found in various cultures widely separated in space and time has puzzled historians, anthropologists, and psychologists alike. Magicians worked hand-in-hand with religion in ancient Egypt; and the worship of the Sumerians, the Babylonians, and the Assyrians was essentially magic. Islam allows men and *jinn* (supernatural beings who influence human affairs) to mingle, and permits man to communicate freely with the hallowed dead.

Actually, the Judeo-Christian ethic is based entirely on psychical phenomena, whether they be explained away as myth, magic, or revelations from God. From the burning bush of Moses to Christ's Resurrection from the dead, every miracle in the Bible is a psychical event.

Many of the ceremonies, spells, incantations, and magical rituals of religion are ESP-oriented: the rites of divination, the efficacy of faith and prayer, xenoglossy (speaking in tongues), sacrificial communion, ecstatic dancing, faith healing, and mutations of souls between the initiates and divinity. In addition there is the eating of sacrificial mushrooms and peyote (cactus) in order to produce the mystical states of the Indian shamans, and the fact that some faiths still include gods and goddesses among their hierarchy who cause worshippers to become spirit mediums during ceremonies. Vodun, or Voodoo, the popular religion of Haiti, is a typical example of this.

Alfred Métraux in his book *Voodoo* tells a humorous story involving the love goddess Ezili (or Erzulie, the Haitian counterpart of Aphrodite). In this type of worship

the mystic trance state occurs when a god (*loa*) moves into the head of an individual, having first evicted the soul which normally resides there. The relationship between the *loa* and the person seized is compared to that of a horse and rider, and when possession occurs the god is spoken of as "mounting his horse." The person emerging from trance hours or days later remembers nothing of what he did or said while possessed by the *loa*.

A girl ridden by Ezili had danced, Métraux says, with a young man to whom she afterwards accorded her favors. The goddess was apparently so delighted with his charm, powers, and capabilities that she gave him all the young lady's savings—$100. He kept it. The next day, back to normal, the girl discovered the loss of her money and set up a howl that she had been robbed. Her friends assured her that no such thing had occurred. Instead, they said, Ezili had paid the money to the youth. The girl brought action against him and the judge ordered him to return the $100. Then the young woman had second thoughts. She was frightened of going back on the divinity who had ridden her while she was unconscious, and she refused to accept the return of the money. After all, if Ezili became angry with her, who knew what she might cause her to do the next time she possessed her?

This is one of the hazards of going into a trance state. The poor girl missed out on all the fun her $100 had bought the love goddess.

Chapter II

DEMON LOVERS

"The question of whether or not the living can be involved in the sexual desires of the dead is an absurd, terrifying, and obscene issue, apt to evoke frightful spectres of the Middle Ages that we have believed laid forever," said the late Dr. Nandor Fodor, a man of worldwide reputation as a psychoanalyst and psychical researcher. And so, he added, "no one was more surprised than I on finding out that these nightmare creatures still haunt the living whether as purely psychological entities within the mind of the afflicted or something bewilderingly more."

I am not going to suggest that you might become involved with such basic bad actors as these who keep cropping up from time to time throughout our research on ESP. Yet neither can I assure you that you might not personally run into one. Some modern persons have, you know, just as Dr. Fodor says. Such ancient concepts as the incubus, the succubus, and even the vampire are not unknown in the present.

The incubus is supposed to be a male spirit who attempts to have sexual relations with a mortal woman. Achieving its greatest fame, or infamy, in the time of the witchcraft trials, the incubus is also very big in demoniac possession, some poltergeist cases, and several typically modern situations. Yes, odd as it may seem, we hear about such unconventional activities from time to time with the assurance that they are indeed still occurring today.

A woman in Seattle, Washington, wrote me that she was awakened in the middle of the night last year by an extremely sharp stab in her "nether parts." She said, "I could see some big black entity above me trying to enter my body. Being a very religious person I prayed and

prayed hard . . . and it left. But it certainly gave me a terrific fright."

At the time, this lady had no idea that others had experienced anything similar to this, and she could not understand what had happened—or almost happened—to her. She had never heard of an incubus, did not think she had suddenly hallucinated on this occasion, and knew she had not been asleep and dreaming at the time. Later she happened to pick up a copy of my book, *World of the Strange,* and read that there is such a thing as an incubus. "That must be what happened to me!" she exclaimed, and wrote to ask me about it.

If she were the only person who had ever talked to me about this, I might be inclined to wonder if she were not putting me on, or else reporting some mental aberration; but several people I know who seem to be quite normal have undergone unaccountable experiences of a similar nature. And, also, manifestations of this type have apparently been going on all through the history of the world.

Biblical warrant for the demon lover is said to be found in the Nephilim of Genesis VI, supplemented by the uncanonical Book of Enoch, which speaks of the marriage of fallen angels with the daughters of men. In the Middle Ages the devil or his demons were thought to materialize in human form to come courting. Other accounts, including most of those from the present day, suggest that the incubus is something unseen. Although seldom in a physical presence that is visual, it is capable of making itself felt as strongly and realistically as if it had actual form and substance. In other words, one would suspect that a blind woman might be able to experience relations with an incubus and not be aware that he was not as tangible a presence as any other mortal. Of course, there are various degrees of manifestation in the case of incubi as there are in other psychical phenomena. We will see that basically similar accounts frequently differ in details.

Do not think that the spirits of men, or male demons, are the only perpetrators of sexual indignities—spirit ladies are said to make nocturnal passes at mortal men, also. They are called "succubi." Sometimes a lovely girl has appeared to an enchanted male, indulged in a little illicit lovemaking,

and then disappeared suddenly. She was said to be a succubus. It is never claimed that the succubus is such a devilish or ill-favored entity as the incubus. She apparently achieves her ends because of her charms rather than her strength, brutality, and durability. The succubus is said to have been born as a result of Adam's affair with Lilith, his first wife, who was the mother of devils, spirits, and all night monsters—vampires and succubi who copulate with men at night.

"Rabbinical literature is full of legends concerning Lilith," says Montague Summers in *The Vampire,* and "she was known in medieval demonology as the princess who presided over the succubi." The Hebrew Lilith is actually called queen of the succubi. She has been tempting men from then until the present day . . . they *say*. Christian anchorites who attempted to live the hermit life in desert caves had a very rough time of it because of temptations from Lilith and her succubi friends. Penitential cells in isolated monasteries were constantly besieged by them with the object of causing monks to commit carnal sin.

Under the reign of someone known as Roger, supposed to have been a king of Sicily many long years ago (he was not Italian but Norman-French, which explains his name), a young man bathing in the moonlight with several others thought he saw someone drowning and hastened to the rescue. He pulled from the water a very wet damsel who was nonetheless so beautiful that he immediately fell passionately in love with her. She gave him her soggy hand, and nine months later she gave him a son. Not long afterward, both she and the baby disappeared. Looking back over the whole peculiar marriage, local gossips decided that things had been rather odd from the beginning. The natural conclusion for that day and time was that she had been a succubus.

The history of succubi rests on such obviously apocryphal tales as this. There are very few authentic instances reported today either. If any men are having secret love affairs in the night, they are not talking.

The word incubus is Latin for nightmare, and succubus means strumpet. Both definitions seem very apt. Sometimes women who are the recipients of the attentions of incubi also behave like strumpets. There are certain

historical suggestions of this. Franciscan Father Sinistrari of Ameon, a professor of philosophy and of sacred theology at Pavia in the 17th century, told of several cases that imply such behavior. One young girl of good family, a boarder in a convent, was tempted night and day by a handsome and persistent young incubus who was invisible to all except herself. She was not sure that she really wanted to reject him, and who could blame her?

Another writer, Jules Delassus, wrote in *Les Incubes* in 1643 that he was ordered to exorcise an incubus from a girl of 20 who acknowledged without evasion everything this impure devil had done with her. But, Delassus said, "I came to the opinion that in spite of her denials she had given the demon some indirect encouragement. Indeed, she was always forewarned of his coming by a violent overexcitation of the sexual organs, and then instead of having recourse to prayer, she ran straight to her room and threw herself on her bed. I tried to rouse in her some feeling of trust in God, but I did not succeed, and she seemed almost to be afraid of being delivered from the devil."

In his book *Demonality or Incubi and Succubi* Father Sinistrari told of the terrible persecution by an incubus of Hieronyma, a married woman of unimpeachable morality. Unlike the young girls who seemed to enjoy their demon lovers—most probably because there was no one else available with whom they could have relations without the danger of becoming pregnant—this lady kept resisting hers so constantly that he started a new kind of persecution. He began to strike her cruelly and made bruises on her face and arms. A few times the incubus snatched Hieronyma's little girl away from her when she was nursing and carried her up to the roof, fortunately without harming her. Sometimes he would upset all the furniture or smash plates and pans. A similarity can be seen between this incubus and the poltergeists we will discuss later.

One of the most interesting things revealed by the research done for this book is that there is a certain continuity of supernormal activity that runs through time. To be sure, the unseen forces that cause them are called different names in different eras, and explained by the beliefs of the particular cultures in which they occur.

Aldous Huxley says in *The Devils of Loudun,* "At any given time and place certain thoughts are completely unthinkable." Although individuals can always feel and do whatever their temperament and constitution permit them to feel and do, they cannot think about their experiences except within the frame of reference which, at that particular time and place, has come to seem self-evident. "Interpretation is in terms of prevailing thought-pattern," Huxley says, "and this thought-pattern conditions to some extent the expression of urges and emotions, but can never completely inhibit them. . . ."

Thus it is that the queer happenings which could only be explained in terms of diabolic infestation at the time when they were most prevalent are today categorized as being due to the natural operations of the subconscious mind . . . "a mind whose range, whose powers and whose weaknesses are far greater than a study of its conscious aspect would lead us to believe." Perhaps in another era in the future it will be possible to explain incubi and diabolic possession as originating in the world of spirit, as many of our stories would indicate. Today's psychological attempts to credit hysteria for all of these strange manifestations neglect to take into account the many and curious parallels of experience throughout the historical records. They also refuse altogether to accept any evidence of the supernormal activity that frequently occurs in these cases.

Father Sinistrari's story of Hieronyma, while old, sounds as if it has been fairly well observed by a man of competence . . . and it contains numerous instances of ESP. This magnificently moral married woman of Pavia prayed and prayed for surcease from the erotic tortures inflicted by her invisible suitor. Finally she vowed that she would wear a monk's habit for 12 months if she were freed from the demon's attention. Sinistrari says that when she was ready to take these vows, she was led in solemn procession into the church of St. Michael, but, "She had no sooner set foot on the threshold of the church than her clothes and ornaments fell off to the ground and disappeared in a gust of wind, leaving her stark naked. There happened fortunately to be among the crowd two cavaliers of mature age, who, seeing what had taken place, hastened to divest themselves of their cloaks with which they concealed as

well as they could the woman's nudity, and having put her in a vehicle, accompanied her home. The clothes and trinkets taken by the incubus were not restored by him before six months had elapsed."

In 1890 in Massachusetts, a family moved into a house that had previously given indications of having been haunted by the ghost of a sex maniac, but they did not know this. One night the 16-year-old daughter began to scream and the parents heard numerous thuds and bangs and then the sound of boots running from her room. They found her disheveled, with her nightgown torn. She was alone, however, and there was no possible way that anyone could have left her room without being seen. The girl could only say that she had been dreaming the devil was after her.

This sort of thing occurred frequently after that, and eventually the girl's family reluctantly put her into a hospital, fearing for her sanity. There, she was observed for ten days by three different doctors. Nothing of any unusual nature occurred, so they dismissed her and sent her home. A few days later she awoke screaming. This time her parents found her lying flat on her back on her bed in a spread-eagle position. There was blood on her arms and legs from severe rope burns; but there were no ropes in the room. After several more such incidents, the family gave up the ghost and moved out of the house. The weird activity never occurred again anywhere else they lived.

This is one of those non-substantiated stories with which the literature abounds. If it were not so much like others from the days of witchcraft to the present day, we would put no credence in it. Whoever heard of a spook tying a girl to a bed and causing rope burns on her arms and legs? Ridiculous!

Yet, as Nandor Fodor says, once we discard "the notion of demonality and replace the servants of the devil with the spirits of the dead who are still obsessed with carnal passions, an approach opens up, however spiritualistic it may seem, to the psychological and psychoanalytical appreciation of the problem involved, and we can breathe easier." In a number of cases that came to Fodor's attention, the concept of the incubus could hardly have been more than a cover-up for the psychosexual

mechanisms of self-abuse. "Ascribing the sexual fantasy to a ghost helps to eliminate personal responsibility and guilt for erotic activity," he wrote. "It also satisfies a wish-fantasy for the fulfillment of a love lost by death." Still, it is hard not to go along with Fodor when he admits that there is sometimes much more to such situations than a psychological explanation can provide: when an individual is mediumistic or psychic, we meet with a totally different situation. Such persons are more receptive to extrasensory perception, and, in such cases, to the possibility of spirit intervention or contact.

Dr. Fodor's best incubus case was one he had the opportunity to investigate carefully for several months. I am particularly interested in it because Nandor was a friend of mine and I have discussed this case with him; and also I know one of the mediums who attempted to help remove the haunting entity. The story, as Fodor published it in *Between Two Worlds,* started after he had discussed such phenomena as incubi on a radio program, for he was contacted by a young New York City woman with a big problem. She had not known where to turn for help until she heard him; and because he was a psychoanalyst she felt no restraint in talking to him about her experiences. A writer by profession, Jean, as he called her, revealed herself to be someone for whom he could have respect. He found his former ideas that the incubus was nothing but a superstition of ages past changing as he studied her case, for he began to suspect that the demon who besieged Jean was not a minion of the devil but what he claimed to be, the spirit of a suddenly deceased friend bent on a love affair with the living.

Jean, Fodor says, made a very personable appearance. She was logical and extremely rational, not wild-eyed or hysterical, and with no apparent erotic need for the kind of sexual torment and harassment she was undergoing.

The spirit who started it all was an all-American hero who died shortly after his 34th birthday. Jean knew him through his organization, admired him, loved his books, and was corresponding with him, but they had never been in any sense intimate.

On the day John died she felt his presence in her room and heard his voice in her mind saying, "I'm not dead."

Gradually she became able to hear him more clearly. When she sat down on her bed she felt someone sitting next to her. Slowly the invisible presence became more intimate. She could feel him touching her body, and she accepted his lovemaking at first without quite realizing the enormity of the situation. She was aware of his body on hers, and although she could not see him, she could feel him as adequately and intensely as she would have felt a living human being with whom she was having an affair. At first she experienced an ecstasy from which, she told Dr. Fodor, wild horses could not drag her away.

Later she began to face up to what was going on and asked him to leave. When he would not, she tried to protect herself by prayer. "As it was of little help," Fodor says, "she hung an iron crucifix, wrapped in soft paper, over her vulnerable part. She wore it on the day she paid me her first visit. It hurt her. Toward the end of the session she went into the bathroom and took it off. She showed it. It was a heavy crucifix, at least five to six inches long. It was astonishing that she could wear it at all. It was the crudest chastity belt that anyone could devise."

John gradually began to manage this girl's life, and he also acted as her medical adviser. He would tell her where to find lost objects, and give her words she was stuck for when writing. As time passed he became more affectionate, resented her dating others, imposed his wishes upon her. She said in her report: "Sometimes an odd odor accompanied his visits. It was disagreeable. I could feel his body. He was a man, all right, but his body was very light and exceedingly hot. The crucifix seemed to stop him from molesting me. But this morning I went into the tub and took it off. As I got out he was rubbing against me and I had to put on the crucifix in a hurry."

She told him that he was using her as a prostitute and that she resented it. He protested that he had a deep affection and admiration for her. She answered, "That does not make any difference. You are in one world, I am in another. Go to your father and mother and ask them to pray for you."

Soon he was back again, pawing her on the breast and other places. When she protested, he said, "I love you" and thought, as men are wont to do, that this should

automatically give him permission.

Jean asked her mother to sleep with her so that her lover would be discouraged; and the mother, who was at first very skeptical about John's actual existence outside of her daughter's fantasy, reported that she could see the bed covers move and a depression in the mattress when the incubus laid down.

Later on, Jean wrote: "The harder I fight, the harder he fights back. The crucifix and the Bible that I placed there no longer stop him. . . ."

Once she reported to the doctor that she had made a grab the night before, trying to emasculate him. It apparently worked temporarily. She had peace for a while after that. "But," she said, "I am afraid that others may come in his guise and try to use me as an astral whore."

For some time after that she had very few attacks from him; then she reported: "He is back. He is now annoying me in the rear. I think he is psychotic. What happens to crazy people when they die? Do they stay insane? Last Sunday I went to church (I am a Lutheran). He came and annoyed me sexually. I think he was a ruthless sadist, so different from what the public thought him to be."

Dr. Fodor asked her if she had not really encouraged him in the first place when he made his early advances to her. She replied that she had thought he was a good person and did not deter him; but that later when she began to fight him, he became violent. By then she was repelled and disgusted and now he was repugnant to her. In May she reported: "I am disturbed at nights dreadfully. It is not the sex angle. I am not sex-starved. John tells me now that he did not want to die. He is hanging onto me because I represent life on earth. He does not want to go on in the after-life. The minute I talk to somebody he resents he stabs me in the arm and buttocks, sometimes on the head. When Mother tries to protect me, he will shove her aside and burn her skin. Whenever he touches me the area gets very hot."

When Jean's mother was in her bed he would poke her, trying to get her out. Jean asked Dr. Fodor for the name of a medium who could exorcise him, and he suggested that she contact "Rosie." In their discussion of Jean's problem, Rosie confessed that years before she had been bothered by

an incubus. "One night I woke up and there was a man's hand holding my breast. It was solid and warm and I had a hard time to pull it off. There were others. They kept close to me, kissing me at night. I even felt a man's body lying next to mine. But nothing further happened." Rosie said she was by then a well-enough developed medium that she had guides who protected her and ran off the intruding lovers. Jean apparently did not have these invisible protectors.

Rosie visited her several times and tried to communicate with John, but she was not much help. Jean was quite discouraged, and then she happened to meet a man who was not a professional medium but held private seances at his home. She went there and several of her friends who were dead came through and talked to her and gave evidence of their identity. Then John spoke through the medium. She asked him, among other things, "Why were you poking my mother?" He replied, "I was sore at everybody who tried to blame the things I did onto your mind. I wanted to convince her I was around."

After that seance John stopped bothering Jean. She told Nandor, "From that day on I have slept wonderfully. I am able to go to work and have no trouble whatever."

Dr. Fodor concluded that there was no doubt in his mind but that Jean had gone through hell for many months. "Whatever role her own love starvation may have played in the story, whatever latent psychic gifts grew on her physiological malfunctions, the reality of her tale of horror—shared by her whole household—cannot be doubted. Whoever prefers hysteria, paranoia or any other form of mental disorder is welcome to the diagnosis. I would not make any."

Even when I read about cases like this and when I discussed this one with the doctor who investigated it, I was hardly prepared for something similar when a woman came to me with it. I received a letter from her asking me to telephone her because she couldn't write the gruesome details of a problem that was getting out of hand . . . and she needed help. She had an incubus and she knew it. In fact, she had encouraged him at first by communicating with him, not realizing that by attempting automatic writing with him she was giving the entity the opportunity

to manifest and to strengthen his hold on her. Through the writing he had told her his name and the year he died, but apparently nothing of any evidence as to his true identity.

The story I was given on the phone was that this entity had arrived about two years before, and had attacked her. It had felt exactly as if she were being raped. Before that time she had a very happy disposition; but she had it no longer.

"It has made a nervous wreck of me," she said, "and I'm in constant discomfort from it. I feel something going through my hair, as if he is running his fingers through it. I feel his hands on me, all over me. He stings me. He has sharp nails, too. Every time I sit down I feel him in my sexual organs. Even when I'm driving my car, or sitting in a restaurant I feel his presence in my body. He is a molester."

An account such as this woman gave me cannot help but make one suspect that she was suffering from emotional excitability, excessive anxiety, and/or any number of other psychiatric conditions. Had I not already known about incubi, I'm not sure just how I would have reacted to her story. Since I did know, however, what was the proper answer to give her when she asked how to protect herself? I frankly attacked both aspects of her puzzle. I suggested that she go to a psychiatrist and also to a medium. If she could find an analyst who understood, he might be able to help her clarify her situation. If he thought her incubus was *only* a mental aberration, he would probably be of no assistance whatever. A medium might be able to exorcise the incubus, and this was the best thing that could happen. Surely one or the other would be able to give her the mental stability to cope with her enigma.

After all, when we are dealing with medieval concepts which are still manifesting in the 20th century, we are working in a definite problem area. But denying the existence of such manifestations is hardly the answer.

Chapter III

MARITAL RELATIONS

An incubus is as good an excuse for hanky-panky as has ever been invented. In the Middle Ages it was sometimes possible for a girl to convince her parents that it was an unseen spirit who entered her bedroom and made her pregnant. It would be less easy to do so today. And there were dangers to being taken seriously even then, because your parents or the neighbors might get the idea you were a witch consorting with the devil. After that you had a very tenuous hold on life, so it was well to think twice before offering an incubus as an alibi for play in the hay with the hired hand.

There are, as we have already noted, a number of instances that tend to give credence to the possibility of the existence of an occasional demon lover. And there are cases in which the death of one half of a married couple gives rise to stories that the dead partner may return for occasional relations with his spouse. I have been told by several women that they continue to feel the caresses of their deceased husbands from time to time. And one man told me the same thing about his wife.

Because there is so much yearning on the part of the bereaved, this could, and probably should in most cases, be considered a delusion. Yet we cannot completely eliminate the possibility that a rare instance of a reported incubus might be genuine—if the theory that man survives death can be given any credit at all. Somehow I rather like the thought that a bereft widow and her departed but still loving husband might be able to have a mutual feeling of closeness and continuity of their relationship. If I am to believe in the possibility of life after death, I will never be able to envision the loved person who left as a ghoulish ghost. He must still be himself, and if he and his wife had

established a warm rapport before his death, why should they not still be conscious of it?

What about a scoundrel after he dies? If he discovers the place where he now finds himself to be lacking in sensual pleasures, might he not attempt to take advantage of the fact that his widow is still conscious of his presence? I know of a California woman who had black and blue marks on her body every morning, proving that she had been attacked during the night by her husband's spirit. Or so she maintained. Her gruesome experiences were not caused by her husband's love for her, for he had not been that ardent while on earth. It was rather because he was loath to accept his demise as factual, and continued to attempt to make his presence known in the only way he seemed able to get it across. This man, whom I will call Frederick Fram, had committed suicide. Although his young widow did not completely understand the underlying causes of his self-inflicted death, she realized that his emotional maladjustment had been back of it. Apparently this continued after his death, for he returned regularly to take her, roughly and almost brutally when she resisted him. Even though she could not see him, she was aware of the feel of his body so strongly that there was no question in her mind about who it was. Just because their union had been made legal by a marriage certificate, she felt it hardly cricket for him to continue to take advantage of it. After all, his physical body was in the grave and his soul should be safely tucked away somewhere up on a cloud or wherever else it was supposed to go. Anyway, he was wearing her out. So she was fighting his advances and suffering as a consequence. Apparently infuriated by her resistance, he'd begun to pinch and hit her, and she had the bruises and welts every morning to show for it.

I did not know "Florence Fram," but I have talked to friends of hers who have seen the evidence of her nightly confrontation with what was becoming increasingly painful and frightening to her. The friends found it impossible to believe that she was resorting to any kind of subterfuge, for who would she be kidding? And she seemed so mentally sound and normal about everything else that they could hardly believe she was psychotic. As can well be imagined, however, Florence Fram finally became emotionally

distraught by her nightly adventures. And she did not know that any others before her had undergone relatively similar experiences. This can be the most unnerving part of anything of this nature.

Finally Florence accepted the advice of an acquaintance who claimed to know about such topics, and went to a medium. This medium only proffered the suggestion that to rid herself of the incubus of her husband, she should wear black to bed. Now, there are certain types of mediums who have all kinds of pat answers for situations that are apparently completely beyond their comprehension. I know of one who told someone that to get rid of evil spirits who were causing her trouble she should comb her hair and then fling all the hairs in her comb to the winds. At the same time, she would be flinging away the spirit intruders, she was told. Needless to say, this was hardly more successful than Florence Fram's wearing a basic black nightie. She tried it—she was grasping at any straws by then—but it only added a subdued matching color scheme to the black and blue marks she continued to receive as she fought with her suitor from other realms.

Now, anyone who has read my books knows that I do not hold with Ouija boards as a means of attempting communication with spirits. I think they are dangerous, as I have often said, because they invite a bad class of correspondents, if nothing else. If what you receive on the Ouija board comes, as parapsychologists in the main believe, only from your own subconscious mind, a dependence on what it writes can nonetheless be very confusing. If you should instead be actually corresponding with an invisible entity—who is it? You can never be sure, no matter how much the writing asserts a certain identity, that it is actually he who claims to write. And so if you take the writing seriously and follow its guidance, you may be misled in many ways. You would not let anyone of any old type who knocks at your door enter your home and begin to give you advice and suggestions. Yet those who practice Ouija boarding will allow an invisible entity who purports to communicate with them to do just that. There are many who have found their lives becoming considerably disarranged because of a dependence on ostensible spirit communication.

Yet arising every morning in pain because of a sexual attack during the night is also distorting to one's way of life, and sometimes resorting to a Ouija board may be a lesser evil. So Florence Fram eventually took to the board and communicated with the late Mr. Fram, much to his benefit. She introduced him to a word she had picked up from the medium—"earthbound." She told him he was earthbound, that it was imperative that he got wise to his situation and remedy it. The thing for him to do, she informed him, was to learn to cope with life under the conditions of the "plane" where he now found himself and to turn his attention away from earth. She eventually convinced him that he must not continue to hang around her, at least until he was better adjusted to the new conditions in which he found himself. He left her after that, and she began once again to sleep alone and like it.

In 1921 Dr. Wilhelm Stekel of Vienna published a monograph, *The Telepathic Dream*. Its main observations had to do with the sensitizing effects of strong emotion, particularly love, jealousy, and anxiety, in predisposing persons to have mutual telepathic events. Sleep, he felt, merely facilitated the reception of telepathic data, since in that condition the disturbances of the outer world are minimized. Stekel believed that most people possess telepathic capacities which never show up in obtrusive ways, but which occasionally can be observed in dreams or in some of the manifestations occurring between people bound by strong emotional ties.

"It is a well-known, often-observed fact that women in love know when they are betrayed by their beloved partner," Dr. Stekel stated. He had also observed that women experienced a pain or some other symptoms at the very moment they were being betrayed by their husbands. Stekel then made a statement quite bold for the 1921 era: "Every individual emanates energy which charges the environment, impregnates it, so to speak. All of life's events are expressed in vibrations and rays which communicate themselves to the environment, 'charge' it. People emanate good and evil, love and discord."

Today when machine tests have revealed that each human being has a force field of energy around and interpenetrating his body, it is not as difficult for us to

accept such a statement as Dr. Stekel's, although to his contemporaries such a theory was far out indeed.

Dreams not only reveal our ESP rapport more clearly on occasion, but they often have been known to presage future events. Sometimes these may be sad, as the one experienced by William Grantham of Footscray, Australia. It predicted his wife's death. He saw a new grave in his dream and heard a voice saying, "The one nearest to you." As his wife was then thought to be in perfect health, he could not understand this prophecy and so paid it little attention. However, a few days later she became ill, and an X-ray revealed that she had incurable cancer. She was dead within six months. Her husband somehow felt that his precognitive dream had in a way prepared him for this heartbreaking event.

Mrs. Grantham promised her husband before she left that she would attempt to get in touch with him from wherever she found herself after death, and they agreed on a secret code that she was to try to bring him through some medium at a later date. He fully expected to have to spend many hours, perhaps even many years, at seances before he received this message; but he was lucky.

Mr. Grantham had a sitting with one medium just a few days after his wife's death, and she gave him several encouraging messages. She described his wife, told certain intimate details about her, and then produced accurate information about the serious illness that ended her earthly life. This fortified the bereaved husband to continue his quest for the secret code; and at a second sitting, only 11 days after Mrs. Grantham's death, he was given its exact words: "I will put out the red carpet for you when you come."

Apparently spirit communication through a medium may be *doubly* reassuring to a widow on occasion. Mrs. Catherine Stoddart of South Africa, who was visiting a relative in Croydon, England, attended a meeting of a spiritualist association one night—as a complete stranger. *The Psychic News* for April 20, 1968, reports that the medium, Magdalene Kelly, gave her a message that she admitted was perfectly true and said she was very pleased to receive. Mrs. Kelly stated: "I see a man standing on each

side of you. They are Scots and are old friends. They are also both husbands of yours and they say proudly, 'That is our wife!' "

One would suppose that a piece of information like this could go a long way toward relieving one's sorrow for a lost mate, or mates. It can even make the possibility—or should I say probability?—of one's own demise less unnerving.

It is not necessary to go to a medium for reassurance if you can just have a significant precognitive dream or vision on occasion. The British magazine *Woman* reported a vision in which the lady interviewed had seen the D-Day landings in panoramic detail, and it was most helpful to her peace of mind.

The article said, "She even saw her husband's ship being hit fore and aft and saw him jumping into the sea. And yet, at the same time, she knew he would be all right and that, early one morning exactly a fortnight later, he would walk up the path to their house."

This woman wrote down all the details of her vision. Two weeks later, at eight in the morning, it was revealed that it had been true in all aspects. Her husband returned to his home unharmed with a harrowing tale to tell. The ship on which he was serving in the D-Day landings had been hit fore and aft and had capsized. He jumped into the sea and swam ashore to safety.

It is also true that loneliness for one's lover or spouse can be assuaged somewhat by ESP. I know a woman who has a sweetheart who is in the Merchant Marine. They write each other loving and lonely letters almost every day, and when she receives a stack of mail she has learned to look for his descriptions of what she has been doing. He does not have actual out-of-body experiences, but apparently has such ESP rapport with her that occasionally he feels himself to be there. He once wrote, "Did you buy some new green hair curlers? I thought you wore green curlers in your hair last night." It was true that she had done just that.

She decided, at my suggestion, to test him; so one night she wore slipper socks to bed. She gave him a hint in advance that she was going to test him on that certain

night, and asked him to try to discover what she was up to. His telepathy was such that, although he did not use the actual word "slipper socks" in his next letter, he told her she wore something heavy, red, and embroidered on her feet. How close can you get when you are separated by thousands of miles of ocean?

Chapter IV

BABIES

Dynamic actress and singer Eartha Kitt was performing in Argentina and her young daughter Kitt was back at home in the United States being taken care of by a nurse. Eartha had no reason to suspect that her child might be ill, but she suddenly sensed it psychically. She was so sure that something was wrong with Kitt that she took the next plane home. There she discovered that the child had a high temperature and sores in her mouth; but because she had not cried, the nurse had not been aware of her illness.

"If it hadn't been for ESP, I don't know what might have happened," Eartha told reporters for North Ireland's *Sunday News*. She admitted that she is psychic and has extrasensory perception to a strong degree, obeying what she calls her "vibrations." It is fortunate for her that she has this thought communication so powerfully with her daughter—and fortunate for the child as well.

This parent-child thought communication is not in the least unusual, although most mothers who evidence it are probably not aware that they are experiencing ESP. Analysts have mentioned how frequently they are struck by the way in which a child seems to be influenced by his parents' fears, preoccupations, neurotic attitudes, etc. There is also that frequent suspicion of children that their parents know all their secret thoughts. Naturally, having been children themselves, adults are on an inside track about what goes through the minds of youth. Yet in most families there are instances where communication of thought exists that is beyond any knowledge of the characteristic response of the individual and beyond rational inference about his conduct.

A woman who probably knew very little about the problems of analysis told me recently that the psychic

rapport between her mother and herself was so strong that "it seemed she always was able to read my mind when I was a child. I had to run away from home sometimes to get away from it."

Analyst Dorothy T. Burlingham in a paper entitled "Child Analysis and the Mother," published in the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly* in 1935, remarked that the power of the unconscious forces is especially marked in the interplay between parent and child, it being "so subtle and uncanny that it seems at times to approach the supernatural." She told of a woman and her neurotic five-year-old daughter Gerti who were both under analysis. It seemed that the mother's actual life with its conscious and unconscious emotional reactions continually intruded into Gerti's problems. Although they were very poor, the mother was essentially moralistic; the father was brutal and shiftless. He had a mistress and the mother had a lover who left her and went to America. After the lover's departure, when the mother began to miss her sex life, her husband became more considerate and made advances to her as if he instinctively felt her need.

Of course, the parents' sexual situation was kept from the children, yet Gerti somehow seemed to sense it. She began to dream about intercourse. She talked to the analyst about babies, feeling that someone was lying to her, not telling her the truth as it really was.

The mother had been worried about Gerti's masturbation and about her lying, so the analyst attempted to draw the child out about these. When she returned home, Gerti told the other children about her hour with the doctor and what they talked about. The next day the mother went to the analyst in great agitation. She was afraid if Gerti began to talk about such things, she would feel free to do them.

"I tried to quiet her by telling her that the best protection for the children lay not in ignorance but in knowing about such things," the analyst reports; but the next day a letter arrived from the mother saying she would not send Gerti anymore since one could not have analysis without being enlightened about sex, and she did not wish that for her children.

Actually, instead, the analyst realized, it was because the

mother could not stand Gerti's having thoughts so like her own.

A few other instances of mother-child rapport noticed by Dorothy Burlingham are not as personally revealing, but they give more evidence of ESP. A perfect instance of telepathy occurred when a mother suddenly conceived the idea that she would give her child a bicycle for Christmas. At almost that very moment her child called out to her from another room, "Mama, I know what you're going to give me for Christmas—a bicycle."

Another mother during analysis had been recalling an instance in her childhood in which a gold piece played an important part. After the hour in which this was discussed was over, she went home. She had been there only a few minutes when her little boy brought her a gold coin to hold for him. She asked where it came from and he said, "It's the piece I was given on my birthday." His birthday was several months gone, and there seemed no normal reason for him to have remembered it just then. He could not have known that she had been talking about a very significant gold coin just a short while before. A few weeks later, when his mother was sitting at her desk making notes about the previous incident involving the coin, the boy came to her and asked for his gold piece.

Dorothy Burlingham says that the most striking example she knows of a child's being influenced by his mother's thoughts occurred when the mother, in analysis, spoke of an incident in her childhood when she had witnessed someone throwing a jug of boiling water over another person when in a rage. An hour later she was at home sitting at the dinner table with her children. The boy quarreled with his older sister, then suddenly left the table. He returned a few seconds later carrying a glass of steaming water. Advancing on his sister, he cried, "You'll see what I'll do to you," and he threatened to throw the water on her. The action was entirely unusual and unexpected from him. "Had such an occurrence anything to do with the child himself?" asks the analyst. "If not, what is this strange form of communication?"

It works the same way today. A friend of mine recently told her daughter, "Will you please stop reading my mind and go read a good book?"

Another phase of psychical phenomena occurs just as frequently as ESP, but it is even more bizarre for it purports to involve spirit influence and help from the "other side." Great believers in this were the Reverend G. Maurice Elliott and his wife Irene, who told of their experiences in *The Occult Review* for December 1921. They prefaced their story with the statement, "In our home we have tried very hard to worship God with our minds as well as with our hearts and to be able to give a *reason* for the faith that is in us." Because of this, such statements as "He shall give His angels charge over thee" did not seem unreasonable to them, especially in light of the fact that they had a great deal of evidence that ministering spirits had apparently taken them in hand.

Their story about how these guides helped them with the most important event of their lives begins, in their own inimitable style: "After ten long years with no jewel in our nursery casket, we became happy and expectant parents; our hearts were light and the mother's hands were soon busy making preparations to give welcome to a little pink treasure whom our doctor said we might expect with the roses in June." But all during the dreary days of November the expectant mother was ill. She became very frail and was growing weaker every day. Finally her doctor called in a specialist of repute for consultation. He came to the conclusion that Mrs. Elliott had a false pregnancy and that she needed an operation right away.

Frightened by this, yet worried that it might be unwise to reject the idea, the Elliotts prayed for help to know what to do. It occurred to them that, "If we have guardian angels by our side, they must surely know whether the specialist or the mother is right. And surely they will try to give us the correct information." The minister and his wife had in the past had evidence of this kind of help; now they hoped for it again. "We knew that nothing short of a miracle could ease the tension and lift us out of the abyss of mental torture," they said, and so they prayed for a miracle.

Their anguish was quickly appeased, for a spirit appeared to them in dazzling brightness, his face and form clearly visible, his voice audible. This "angel" reversed the

advice propounded by the medical specialist and gave them the fullest assurance that an operation would imperil the life of the mother and most assuredly that of the child which was definitely in the making.

They were willing to believe this spirit, but thought it would be nice if they had some kind of more authenticating evidence from an authoritative material source as well. So they prayed about that. The next night the angel came again, and "with a look of sweet accord," proceeded to give them explicit directions about the next steps they were to follow: They were to take a journey to a certain spa some 40 miles away and stop at a designated hotel. The spirit guide then said that they would find seated next to them at dinner a surgeon with whom they would begin conversation. And thus it was. The man who sat next to them at dinner *was* the predicted surgeon and they *did* get into conversation with him. He was so friendly that it became easy for them to speak to him about their anxiety concerning the specialist's opinion. The moment the doctor heard their story, his sympathy was aroused and he put his time and skill at their immediate disposal. Before Mrs. Elliott retired that night, it had been confirmed that she was indeed pregnant and definitely did not need an operation.

The specialist who had made the original wrong diagnosis obstinately held to his opinion until "the tangible proof of pink splendor blossomed forth in June and convinced him to the contrary." They named the baby Dorothea, because it means "God's gift." The facts of the case, including their spirit advice, were all made known to three bishops before the baby was born, and as a special act of thanksgiving the baptism ceremony was performed by one of these bishops in a cathedral. There was also a story in the newspapers about it, with the testimony of the surgeon corroborating his role in the event.

Upon reading about this in the paper, one of the great scientists of the day wrote to them: "Permit me to congratulate you and your wife on the real and distinct help which was vouchsafed you personally. It is one of the many answers which can be given to those ignorant people

who say that communications have never yet proved of any service. Such people are utterly ignorant and mistaken."

I realize that statements like this have no value as evidence unless we know the name of the famous scientist who said it and have his signed testimony. His name is probably on record somewhere in England, along with those of the doctors and the bishops, but ferreting them out from here would be impossible. Nonetheless, the Elliotts were highly respected ecclesiastical people and hardly likely to have been lying.

Other instances of psychic occurrences involving pregnancy are heard from time to time. A lady from Sacramento, California, wrote me recently that her mother, who is very psychic, telephoned her at 6:30 one morning—something she would never do ordinarily.

"She said she knew I was having my baby because she had been awake all night with me on her mind," the writer said. "It's funny, too, because I was not due to give birth to my baby until at least two weeks later—but I had been up all night because my water had broken."

A man told me just the other day that while his sister was expecting, he had morning sickness. His bouts with it corresponded with hers by ESP, because he didn't know until afterward the specific times when she was feeling particularly ill. He was fortunate he did not experience the birth pangs as some men have done when their wives were delivering. It is no secret that many men who love their mates very much and have great sympathy for their suffering are likely to share it when their babies are being born. In most cases this would be described more as empathy than ESP, however.

An Englishman whose story was reported in the *Psychic News* was ill sympathetically the first time his wife gave birth; but the second time it happened he had a remarkable extrasensory experience involving the incident. He was working then over a hundred miles away, and was able to get home only on weekends. One afternoon, several weeks before the baby was due, this man was seized with violent abdominal pains that continued for an hour or more. He rushed to the doctor with the idea that it might be appendicitis or something of that nature. His blood count was normal and the doctor could find nothing wrong, but

no remedy relieved his agony for a while. Then the pains left as suddenly as they had started.

When this man arrived back at his hotel after his visit to the doctor, there was a telegram with greetings from his wife and new son . . . who had arrived at exactly the time he was suffering!

Chapter V

FAMILY AFFAIRS

It is known that extrasensory perception functions most frequently and most successfully between members of a family or others with great rapport; and if you have experienced it, it may have been with a parent or a sibling. Within the framework of the family there are so many good stories illustrating ESP that it's difficult to select only a few examples.

A case from Seattle, Washington, given by Jhan and June Robbins in "Six Amazing Cases of Mental Telepathy" in *This Week* Magazine, January 11, 1959, is one of the better ones. An engineer told the Robbins that in the middle of a bridge game he and his wife were winning, he suddenly jumped up crying, "Laura is in an auto crash. She needs help." Their 18-year-old daughter was supposed to be 300 miles away at school at the time, so his bridge partners tried to calm him. Nonetheless, he dragged them outside, pushed them into his car, and tore up the highway in the direction of Laura's school. One of this foursome, a high school history teacher, told the Robbins, "At the time I thought he was nuts. I know better now."

After they had driven about 20 miles, the father jammed on his brakes. "Something told me to stop," he reports. "I grabbed a flashlight and pointed it down off the road." It revealed an overturned car lying in a culvert. In it they found his daughter Laura, unconscious. She had missed a turn in the road while on the way home for a surprise visit. The doctor who treated her said that it was her father's prompt discovery that had saved her life.

How do you account for such a thing? You don't. Unless you realize that strong family ties can sometimes produce an instance of ESP at a time when it is needed.

A 14-year-old boy named Don Weiss of Canby, Oregon,

wrote me after reading one of my books on out-of-body travel to tell me an interesting story involving members of his family. Out-of-body travel, or astral projection as it is also called, refers to a condition that a great many people experience. I did not realize how many until two of my books on this subject came out in paperback. I have received so many letters since then from readers who have had similar experiences that I was amazed to see just how commonplace the occurrence is.

Out-of-body travel means leaving your body and moving away from it, conscious that you still exist and are functioning as a normal human being. You are often able to see your body still lying on the bed where you left it; although on some occasions you are not aware of it. Nonetheless, you are able to move about freely. You travel in what is called your astral or spirit body, going through walls and over great distances at will. One hearing about this would naturally think that such an experience is merely a dream, or wishful thinking, or daydreaming, were it not for the fact that persons traveling out of their bodies so often come back with information they could not have known normally. The story Don Weiss wrote me about his grandfather illustrates this perfectly. Don writes:

"My grandfather, Elden M. Alldredge, died in 1966. During the 1950's and early 1960's he wrote out his entire life history. Just today I was reading one of his booklets entitled *Why?* which contained many interesting experiences he had found unexplainable. One of them I believe contained an astral flight in which the soul of my grandfather must have traveled around 14,000 miles."

His grandfather wrote in his journal that during World War I he was stationed in England as a radio operator. Mail was infrequent and slow in catching up with them. Finally he did receive mail from his home in Gladstone, Oregon, and the first thing to fall out of an envelope was a month-old newspaper clipping from his hometown paper. It reported that his father, John Alldredge, had been critically injured and was in a hospital. None of the other letters reaching him in that mail delivery told whether his father had lived or died.

Elden's account goes on: "I was over seven thousand miles away and could do nothing but hope he was not dead.

That night our orchestra was playing at a dance, but what I played I will never know. All I could think of was Dad and my intense desire to know how he was. When the dance was over I went home to my rooming house at about 1:00 A.M. I was dead tired and worried, but instead of going to sleep soundly I seemed to have the sensation of traveling through a blankness of space and sound. Then I seemed to find myself standing on the corner of a familiar street in my old hometown. I was waiting for someone. Then my mother and youngest brother joined me and we went to a hospital a few blocks away. The front of it had been changed since I had last seen it because of a new addition.

"Down a hall we went, turned a corner, walked a few steps and entered a room. The room was very still and Dad, a mass of bandages, did not stir. I sat down beside his bed. For a moment he was not aware of me, then he opened his eyes and turned to me. I cannot recall the conversation we had, but I left him assured that he would get well and be around to greet me when I got home. Then it seemed that someone was calling me and I felt I should go. Mother and brother and I left Dad and walked back to the corner where we had met. All the time the call I was hearing seemed to grow more insistent. I left them where I met them and then I had that same sense of traveling again.

"When I awoke I was back in my bed in England and my landlady was standing at the foot of my bed with a frightened look on her face. 'Oh, Mr. Alldredge!' she cried with concern, 'I have been calling and trying to wake you for almost half an hour and I was becoming alarmed. I was about ready to get a constable or a physician to see what was the matter with you. You looked so white and still!'

"I smiled faintly and replied, still in a half-trance state, 'You needn't have worried. I just went home to see my Dad and he is all right and will get well.'

"A few weeks later a letter from Mother caught up with me. It told of the accident and how one day when Dad was very low and had a desire to see me he had suddenly changed for the better. His health improved and his morale seemed uplifted. He said he was going to be around to see me when I came home.

"Dad was at home, up and laughing the day I came home almost a year and a half later. He spent many happy

days with us afterward, but finally succumbed to the injuries. One of the first things I did when I reached home was visit the hospital to check my recollections. They had changed the front! I walked to the room where Dad had been a patient, and it was the very one I had visited that night. The bed, the stand, and the windows were just as I had seen them on my visit. But how had I gotten there?"

Eldon's grandson writes a splendid letter for a teenage boy, and he has read enough about out-of-body travel to understand that it is just one more type of psychic manifestation that is likely to occur among people who are close to each other, with strong family ties. In some families such irregular adventures as these are normal occurrences.

Some of the best evidence for the survival of the human soul after death has come from relatives who have made it a point to inform someone they loved about their passing. A boy of three who had never been told anything about people dying and "going to Heaven," because his mother did not want him to know of such things so young, learned of them in a most unusual way from his deceased grandfather. Robert Crookall, England's prime authority on out-of-body experiences, was sent a letter from Mr. Colin H. Cowell of Birkenhead, Cheshire, England, telling about an incident that had occurred in his youth. Through the efforts of Dr. Crookall, confirmations were received from Mr. Cowell's mother and his aunt Violet, so that this is a well-documented case. It was published in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, September 1963.

When Mr. Cowell was about three years old his grandparents lived next door. He and his grandfather adored each other, the little boy called the old man "Harry Bonpa," and they were always together. One night his mother was summoned to the house next door about 4 A.M. because her mother had found her father apparently unconscious.

Carefully locking the boy in his room so that he would be safe, Mrs. Cowell hurried next door, and discovered that her father was dead. It was not until about nine o'clock the next morning that she returned home in the company of her sister Violet. When they unlocked the boy's room and walked in he awoke and sat up in bed. Then he

remembered something and said brightly, "Mummy, Harry Bonpa has been in and said he has gone away to Heaven. He wants me to be a good boy."

A medical friend of mine whom I will call Dr. V. G. Lanahan because that is not his name has told me an account of a most peculiar family involvement that was revealed to him in an almost unbelievable way. Lanahan is a man of honor and integrity and high professional standing, whose statements can be relied on.

The former occupants of the home in Evanston, Illinois, in which V. G. now lives, apparently had what might be called a somewhat loose family relationship. A couple who had one daughter, Valerie, had built the charming house on a large estate, and shortly afterward the husband died. The widow and Valerie lived alone with only the servants for several years; and then the mother married again, a man we shall call Caracci. Time passed amicably for all concerned as Valerie grew into a 15-year-old beauty unusually mature for her age. Mrs. Caracci was pleased that her daughter and her new husband got on so well until one day when she returned home quietly and unexpectedly and found them in bed together.

Mrs. Caracci was the type of woman to be put out at a thing like that, and she did not hesitate to let them know that she was considerably displeased. After that Valerie left home and Mr. Caracci became somewhat of a recluse. His wife, to spite him, took up with a neighbor who had been importuning her for some time.

When Mrs. Caracci died, the full extent of her animosity was indicated by the fact that she gave nothing except the traditional one dollar bill to Caracci, disinherited Valerie, and left all her money to her lover who lived down the street. However, because of the social position and wealth of the family, the whole thing was hushed up so that no outsiders ever knew anything about what had gone on or what the will revealed.

When Dr. Lanahan bought the house he heard not a word about the infidelities of the Caraccis. He learned about them a few years later from the late Arthur Ford. He was in Philadelphia at a convention and happened while there anonymously to visit the world-renowned medium. Ford told him a few personal facts that were accurate,

and then he mentioned that he was from the Midwest—although he had no normal way to know this. Then Ford said, "The house where you live had a lot of fighting and bickering in it at one time." Lanahan did not acknowledge that last item, because he knew nothing about it. He only was sure that bickering did not go on in his own household.

"Yes," the medium said, "there was much unhappiness there. This was because the woman who owned the house caught her new husband in bed with her daughter. In revenge she took a man who lived nearby for her lover and left him all her money when she died."

"That is the wildest tale I ever heard," said Lanahan, and he dismissed it as just a lot of balderdash. But before he left, the psychic added one more thing. "Sometime in the near future you will meet a woman who used to be a servant in that house."

Back in Evanston, Lanahan told his wife about his visit with the famous medium in Philadelphia; and they both laughed over the inane story he had told them about the former occupants of their home. Then they forgot it, until a few weeks later when V. G. dropped off his dry cleaning one morning. A new woman was working in the shop, and when he gave his address she said, "Why, I used to live in that house. I was housekeeper for Mrs. Caracci who owned it then."

It quickly flashed through my friend's mind that here was the former servant Arthur Ford had told him he would soon meet. If that had come true, perhaps the rest of the tale was also factual. V. G. decided to spring the gossip on the woman and see what she would say. Since there was no one else in the shop, he said quickly, "Tell me the truth, did she really find her husband and her daughter in a compromising situation and leave all her money to a lover?"

What a thing for anyone to ask! If the housekeeper had not been so taken by surprise she could have been very aloof about such a remark. Instead, she screeched, "Oh, my God! I thought I was the only living person who knew that. How did you find it out?"

Lanahan did not tell her. Who would believe that a strange medium in a distant city had disclosed it? He tried

to pump her for more information, but she clammed up, obviously embarrassed at what she had already revealed. V. G. thought there was little doubt that she had been well-remembered in Mrs. Caracci's will just so that the secret would be kept. But the housekeeper's startled reaction was conclusive enough for him.

"She had given it away by her surprise," he told me.

"Is that the only verification you had?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "After I learned from her that the medium's account was true, then I did some discreet inquiring among certain old-timers in the neighborhood and learned the details I have reported to you. But to think that I first heard of this in Philadelphia from a complete stranger!"

Chapter VI

TWINS

Lee and Lou Gerick are popular showgirls known from coast to coast for their song-and-dance act under the heading of "The Gerick Twins." Their amazing ability to communicate telepathically is not so well known; but it was reported by Art Devor in *Fate* Magazine, December 1968. The girls claim that countless times when they have been separated by many miles, one twin may wish to convey some sort of message to her sister and the other will receive it mentally. Devor writes:

"One of the most outstanding evidences of their 'twinness' of thinking occurred when Lou was on location making a movie in Sun Valley, Idaho, while Lee was appearing in Hollywood.

"Lou went shopping for clothes in Sun Valley and bought a white blouse trimmed with a flower design, a white dress with scalloped hem and sleeves, a pair of white slippers and a small, squarish white hat.

"At the same time Lee was shopping in L.A. and bought some new clothes. When the girls were reunited they found Lee had purchased in L.A. *the identical items* her twin had bought in Sun Valley."

Is there any way to verify reports of this nature which come from twins? Indeed, yes. And the results of scientific tests have proved that identical twins, and to a lesser extent, fraternal twins, have unusual ability to communicate with one another through extrasensory perception.

"One thing we have learned," says Dr. Robert Sommer, psychologist at the University of Alberta, Canada, "is that two people who share an emotional closeness are more

likely to report more successful ESP experiences than two strangers." Identical twins obviously share the closest possible relationship that can embrace two human beings. They actually start out as a single individual, or one fertilized egg in the mother that splits into two very soon after conception. These "one-egg" twins are virtually the same human being since they both nearly always have exactly the same heredity material and makeup code inside them. Such twins are always of the same sex.

Fraternal twins may be of the same sex or not, but they come from two different fertilized eggs. They start to grow in the womb at the same time, and they share the same birthday; but they are usually no more similar than are any other two brothers or sisters. Since human twins are born about one in every 80 births, it should be possible to find many of them who can give evidence of their ESP experiences.

Dr. Sommer and his associates contacted twins in the Canadian city of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, who were willing to participate in his experiments. His results were reported to the public in *This Week*, January 28, 1962, by that ubiquitous couple Jhan and June Robbins. There were 35 participants in the tests—18 men and 17 women. Of these, 14 were pairs of twins and seven individuals were twins whose other half was unavailable. Their ages ranged from 16 to 50. A 27-item scientifically designed interview disclosed that one-third of the twins had had paranormal experiences with their "other halves." These twins tended to be the ones who had always shared strong mutual interests and similar abilities.

The Canadian-based researchers were the first to undertake a full scientific field study of a phenomenon that has long amazed the families and friends of twins. It is true that some recent ESP laboratory tests have not revealed as much likeness in response as had been hoped for—but it is always possible that the tests were not conducted in a way that was sympathetic to the participants. ESP is such a tenuous ability at best that it has to be treated very carefully if it is to be measured or itemized or produced in a laboratory.

There have been a number of spontaneous instances of twin-ESP that have been testified to by witnesses other than the siblings involved. The Robbins article spoke of a lively pair of thirteen-year-olds, Sherry and Terry Young, of Jackson, Mississippi, who have made headlines because of their ability to communicate with each other without speaking a word. They amused their friends, puzzled their parents, and often exasperated their teachers with their telepathic tricks.

"We believe that twins should spend some time apart," their mother explained. "We often sent one or the other to spend a night at their grandmother's house. But whenever one of the girls would turn her ankle, get a toothache, or develop a headache, the other would know it!"

At school, teachers suspected that the two girls might be giving one another too much help. Even when the girls were put in different classrooms, they still earned the same marks. They freely admitted that they helped one another by telepathy.

The father of 16-year-old twin girls in Indiana wrote the Robbins about the sixth-sense qualities of his daughters. Once they had decided to go to a local carnival on alternate nights. On the night Della went, Stella was at home leaning over the ironing board, and she burned her hand.

Then she felt a sudden "cold cloud" of terror descend on her. It was followed by a feeling of nausea and dizziness. She turned off her iron and went rapidly to the fairgrounds, sure that her sister was in some kind of trouble. There she found the Ferris wheel stalled and Della, frightened and motion-sick, swaying back and forth in the topmost car.

Two hours later when Della finally got down out of the Ferris wheel, she rushed up to her sister and flung her arms around her. What was the first thing she said? "You burned yourself again! Stella, won't you ever learn how to iron?"

One alert grade-school teacher in Denver, Colorado, noticed that her young twin pupils took turns taking home books. Yes, they were also taking turns studying, yet each passed the tests.

A football coach in a high school could never place twin boys he was training on opposite teams. No matter which

play was called, the twin brother on the other team would know what it was and be able to tackle the man with the ball immediately.

In the Voodoo religion, twins, called *marassa*, whether living or dead, are endowed with preternatural powers which cause them to be considered as exceptional human beings. They hold a privileged position in the Voodoo pantheon, and some people even claim that they are more powerful than the *loa*. There is a link between *marassa* and rain. They can foretell it and even bring it on if sufficiently wooed with offerings. Alfred Métraux says, "Any family that is lucky enough to include twins, either among its living members or in one of its ancestral lines, must under pain of chastisement, serve them with offerings and sacrifice." Truly Happiness was born a twin . . . in Haiti.

For some others, twinness is painful on occasion. Marlene M. Rouse of Santa Clara, California, wrote a letter to the editors of *Fate* in which she said that when she and her twin sister were children, it was difficult to tell which of them was really sick for they both had the same pains. "My sister had my appendicitis symptoms," she wrote, "and, later on, also my symptoms of pregnancy and labor pains."

Once Marlene was rushed to the hospital with an apparent heart attack. When the EKG showed a perfectly normal heart, she was as puzzled as her doctor. The answer came very shortly, however, when her sister died of a heart attack. The pain in Marlene's arms lingered for several days after her sister's funeral, each day gradually subsiding. Now she never has pains unless there is something really wrong with *her*.

Until gathering material for this book, I had not realized there are so many stories about people sharing labor pains. But here is another. A Reuters dispatch reports that Mrs. Gillian Crosby of Manchester, England, had her first child at the age of 19 in March 1969. Her twin, Barbara Morgan, had labor pains at the same time, although she was unmarried and not pregnant. The girls had shared each other's pains all their lives, so Barbara was not surprised that she suffered from morning sickness, backache, and other discomforts all through her sister's pregnancy. At the

time Gillian was delivering her baby, she was given pain-killing drugs. Barbara, who had been suffering labor pains for several hours, fell asleep. Gladly, it must be noted.

"I'm thankful that's over!" she said when she awoke exhausted after the birth of Gillian's baby. She had felt more pain and discomfort all during her sister's pregnancy than Gillian did.

Chapter VII

FAMILIAR SPIRITS

The last time I was in Los Angeles I looked up an acquaintance of former years who has since become fairly well-known as a character actress in the movies. In the days of our earlier encounters, I had not been interested in supernormal phenomena, and so she had never mentioned to me that she was a natural psychic. Now that I had become known as a writer in the field, she was eager to discuss our mutual interests with me. Her accounts of some of her personal experiences were so interesting that I finally persuaded her to let me publish them—as long as I kept her name out of it.

One of her stories, in her own words, follows: "One night in the fall of 1968 I was lying in bed memorizing my next day's lines. Facing the light, with my script in front of me, I was lying on my left hip and the right hip was elevated. I was astonished to feel the mattress being depressed back of me, from the area of my hip down to about my knee, as if someone had sat down on the bed beside me. I turned very quickly to look but saw absolutely nothing. Yet at that moment I felt a strong pressure as if a hand had been laid firmly on my bottom. That is all that occurred but it was enough to alarm me. It also infuriated me. I jumped out of bed fuming with anger at the invisible entity who dared to attempt to cop a feel like that. Loudly and firmly I ordered him to keep his hands to himself from then on."

"Talk about familiar spirits!" I said. "Did he? Keep his hands to himself?"

"Yes, but that's not the worst thing that happened." She hesitated a moment. "You know that I'm between husbands?" she asked. I knew. I had kept up with her in the fan magazines and gossip columns. "Well, I don't lack

for dates, anyway. You know how Hollywood is. But if this invisible snake-in-the-grass keeps on . . . I don't know what I'll do! . . . It's so *embarrassing!*"

"Don't keep me in suspense," I prodded her. "What happened?" She seemed obviously prepared to tell me about the incident, yet reluctant to speak of it.

"Well, I was in my home in bed . . . with a new man . . . he was beautiful! And all of a sudden, right over the bed, there was this ripple of loud laughter. There was no one else in the house, the windows were closed and the air conditioner was on. The sound couldn't have come from outside. It really *was* right in the air up over us. And it really was nothing more nor less than a big, loud "Ha, ha, ha!" Oh, I knew what caused it, all right. That damned spook that's after me. I wasn't about to admit it, though. There just was not anything I could think of to do but play innocent and pretend I hadn't heard it. My new friend got the message instantly. He didn't say a single word, he just got out of bed, put on his clothes, and walked out of the room and out of the house. I never heard a word from him again."

"You didn't think an explanation would do any good?" I asked.

"Explain what? That I'm haunted? Nope. There are times when the less said the better. This had to be one of them."

As with many other ESP tales, this could be met with doubt and suspicion if there had been any possible reason for her to fabricate such a story. But there was not. She is a hard-working woman, and definitely the non-neurotic type, if there is such a thing. Anyway, her experiences were similar enough to those of other people I know that it fits a trend.

A successful businessman, a friend of mine named Fred—and there is no more honest or sincere or level-headed human on earth than Fred—had an experience almost identical with hers of feeling the bed depressed. For that matter, once or twice in my life I have had the same feeling, only to a much lesser degree. I have always talked myself out of taking it seriously. But Fred, who is a most imperturbable man, an accountant by profession, has had enough such experiences that he admits them and takes

them in stride. His wife Gertrude has been dead for years, but he feels her presence often. Her invisible companionship is not disconcerting to him; he rather enjoys it. One night during the summer of 1968 he was reading in bed in his New York City apartment. He says, "I was lying on my left side with the light in front of me and suddenly my body was tipped to the right, evidently from some pressure on the bed beside me. There was a depression in the bed."

Fred merely glanced up from his reading and said, "Gertrude, is that you?" Whereupon whatever it was that was there released its pressure on the bed. "The depression rose," he said, "and I resumed my former position."

The familiar spirit who gave Fred his most interesting experience in years—he has apparently remained true to the memory of his Gertrude ever since her death—is not involved with the realm of spirits, however. Fred called me about six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, November 11, 1967, in great excitement. There was nothing imperturbable about him then. He was puzzled and he was stimulated, as anyone else would have been by such an event.

"I am going to the theater tonight," he said, "so about four o'clock I undressed down to my underwear and threw myself prone on the bed for a nap. My face was in the pillow and my hands underneath it. I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened violently from a deep sleep by something landing on my back. I was wide awake in that instant, trying to think what could be happening. Had I possibly left the door unlatched and something or somebody gotten in, or might something have come up the eleven floors outside and climbed in my window? By then I had also begun to register the shape of the thing on my back. It was not a heavy weight, but it began to assume the proportions of a human figure. As I was considering this, a cheek was pressed down against my left cheek. Apparently this was a woman!"

"You're in New York, how could you be sure?" I asked facetiously, but Fred was too full of his unusual adventure to be diverted by an attempt at gay humor. He rushed on to say that he had drawn his hands from under the pillow and reached back, batting around in the air until he contacted

something. What he grasped was a pair of wrists! Then he heard a voice saying, "You're hurting me!"

Fred replied in the abrupt way he has, "Well, get off." Then this figure slid over on the left side of the bed and slipped off onto the floor. He could see that it was a woman with some sort of a blue garment on—a suit or something like it. As she rose from the floor, she turned around facing him and then sat down on a wide wardrobe suitcase that stood beside his dresser. All this happened so quickly that he was still in the process of rising from the bed, but as he did, he recognized her as an acquaintance who lives on the West Coast. He started to ask her how she happened to be in New York and how she had gotten into his apartment.

"Just then," he said, "when I was about to speak to her, the telephone rang and at that moment she vanished, completely!"

Fred had been corresponding with this woman about a business matter, and she had been wanting to come to New York; but she had not been able to make arrangements to do so. "She has a husband and I don't want to get involved with any domestic situation," he told me, "so I cannot write and ask her what happened."

"She must have been having an out-of-body experience," I said, "and maybe it was reciprocal. Maybe she was aware that she was there with you. For the sake of scientific inquiry you ought to get a statement from her. Please, Fred, this is important."

"Negative," he replied firmly. "That has to be the end of it. Period."

I was in a favorite little dress shop in Coral Gables, Florida, a few years ago when a young lady and her mother walked in. The proprietor said, "Oh, Susy, here is someone you must meet. She had a most peculiar thing happen." It was difficult for the 24-year-old girl to talk about her experience because it involved her sweetheart, Arthur, who had been killed in a plane crash. For this reason, I did not pressure her for details; but her mother remembered more about it than she did, anyway. The girl had recently had some wisdom teeth pulled under local anesthetic, and had been under sedation at home afterward. That night, about three o'clock, she began to scream and her parents rushed

into her room to find her standing beside her bed.

Rather dazedly she asked her father, "Did you pat my cheek?"

"Don't be silly," he answered. "I was in bed asleep."

"Then it really was Art," she said. Rather confusedly she told them she had thought she saw Arthur, and then felt him touch her face. Her parents told her she had been hallucinating because of the drugs or else dreaming, and told her to go to sleep again. They tucked her in and went back to their own slumber.

After they left her, Arthur—if it was he—returned. This time he pulled her hair and pushed her. She was understandably vague but it did not surprise her that Art would do this because he was a prankster. But then she heard a sarcastic voice say, "Ha ha! How would you like to be alone and have this happen?" This did not seem at all like what her sweetheart might say. Could it have been someone else? Perhaps the whole thing was after all just a hallucination from the drugs. All she knows is that it did not seem that way.

Another young girl has been in touch with me because of her boyfriend who was killed in a highway accident shortly after his return from Vietnam. The doors of her bedroom open and shut by themselves from time to time and she sees someone enter her room whom she believes to be him. However, when she turns on the light there is no one there. She has even felt him get into bed with her now and then. None of this is too worrisome to her; her main problem now is that she is not allowed to become interested in anyone else.

"Just let me have more than a few dates with a new boyfriend and something bad happens to him," she told me. She was no more explicit than that about what happened; except that something occurs that makes him go away and leave her alone from then on. The reason she came to me was for advice about how to rid herself of the man she used to be fond of, but who now was making a nuisance of himself.

When you know someone well, as I do Fred and my actress friend, it is easier to rationalize such odd tales because you are aware that your friends are not irrational, or even unobservant. But with a stranger, what? Does this

girl have an incubus? Or does she have a lot of hallucinatory misconceptions? And how is one to know which?

Someone else who makes a nuisance of herself is a little old lady of Fort Collins, Colorado, who produces ghostly happenings at Colorado State University. Six young men students bought an old house and converted it into a boardinghouse for the college. They did not know at the time that the former owner had been, for many years before she died, a recluse who hated men. Now she tries in every way to get them out of there—or so I'm told. She reveals her hostility by throwing things around the house with poltergeistly abandon. Shaving cream and toothpaste will not stay on their shelves under any circumstances, it is said.

Where this Fort Collins woman's bedroom used to be, the new owners have installed an upstairs kitchen; and she has the time of her life throwing the pans and cutlery about every night. One student who was awakened by the noise of pelting pots saw the ghost, a short woman in a long, old-fashioned dress. He described the phantom as looking like the wavering picture of a black-and-white television set that has just been turned on.

Chapter VIII

ESP AND PSYCHOANALYSIS

Sigmund Freud once had a patient who was in love with his sister. She returned his affection in an intense but neatly restrained fashion. They had often said to each other, "What a shame it is that we cannot marry!" But as far as the record is concerned, they let it go at that.

Because this brother had such a noble nature, aside from his slight tendency toward incest, he even helped his sister to gain their parents' approval for her marriage when she later fell in love with another man. Shortly after her wedding, however, he went into a state of mental exhaustion and felt the need to visit an analyst. That is where Dr. Freud came into the story.

The psychical incident mentioned in this case occurred when the man—I will give him a name, Brown, for easier reading—visited a local fortune-teller and astrologer. He asked questions about his new brother-in-law whom he found himself continually resenting. After giving the seer the astrological information she wanted about his rival, he received the following prophecy: "This person will die in July or August of this year of food poisoning from eating crabs or oysters." Freud reported that when his patient told him about it in the fall, he was chuckling with glee.

The analyst asked him, "What is it that makes you find this prophecy so marvelous? We have already reached the late autumn, and your brother-in-law is not dead or you would already have told me. The prophecy therefore has not come true."

"That's right," Mr. Brown said, "but the remarkable thing is this. My brother-in-law is passionately fond of crabs and oysters, and last summer, just before my visit to the fortune-teller, he was poisoned by eating oysters and nearly died of it."

Freud concluded: "For my part, before I believe that one can calculate the onset of shellfish poisoning by consulting astrological tables, I would rather suppose that my patient had not yet overcome his hatred toward his rival . . . and that the lady astrologer simply gave voice to his own hope—'People never give up such tastes, and one day they will really be the end of him.' I admit that I can find no other explanation for this case."

Perhaps it is true more often than we realize that mediums and seers are giving expression to the thoughts or secret wishes of their sitters, which they glean in some unconscious manner from their minds. I confess that I have had many incidents in my own life that made me suspect that telepathy is one of the main sources of some of the information given out by most mediums. In September 1956, a New York psychic told me I would get married again within a year. I had not dwelt on this idea for a long time and had not heard it from mediums either, but I took the notion rather kindly. From then on every medium I visited for a year, and there were a number of them because I was traveling most of that time, told me the same thing; but since no one did anything about introducing me to an eligible man, nothing came of it. I have often wondered if it was just because the idea that I would get married soon had been implanted in my mind that I heard it so consistently at that time. The medium, quite naturally, does not know he is getting the information from the sitter's mind; he expects it to come from his astrological charts, the palm of your hand, the cards, or whatever other means of concentration he is using.

Before Dr. Freud had reached the stage of admitting the existence of telepathy, he was adamantly against it. His fellow-analyst Carl Jung had several discussions with him about it, for Jung was an ESP enthusiast. He just as emphatically disagreed with Freud's belief that all neuroses were caused by sexual repression or sexual traumata. Dr. Jung says in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*: "There was no mistaking the fact that Freud was emotionally involved in his sexual theory to an extraordinary degree." Jung recalled vividly how Freud once said to him, "My dear Jung, promise me never to abandon the sexual theory. That is the most essential thing of all. You see, we must make a

dogma of it, an unshakable bulwark." In some astonishment Jung asked him, "A bulwark against what?" To which Freud replied, "Against the black tide of mud . . . of occultism."

This was the main thing that struck at the heart of their friendship because Dr. Jung knew he would never be able to accept such an attitude. What Freud meant by the word occultism was "virtually everything that philosophy and religion, including the rising contemporary science of parapsychology, had learned about the psyche."

When Jung visited him in Vienna in 1909, Freud expounded this point of view. Jung says that because of his materialistic prejudice, Freud rejected this entire complex of ideas as nonsensical, and did so "in terms of so shallow a positivism that I had difficulty in checking the sharp retort on the tip of my tongue. It was some years before he recognized the seriousness of parapsychology and acknowledged the factuality of 'occult' phenomena."

On that day in Vienna, as their heated conversation continued along this vein, Jung had a curious sensation as if his diaphragm were made of iron and were becoming red-hot . . . a glowing vault. (Jung's mother and some of his relatives were mediumistic, and the great analyst himself apparently had very strong psychic powers.)

As Jung became more and more disturbed at the trend of their conversation, suddenly there was such a loud report in the bookcase right next to where they were seated that they both started up in alarm. Jung said to his mentor, "There! That is an example of so-called catalytic exteriorization phenomenon."

"Oh, come," Freud exclaimed. "That is sheer bosh."

"You are mistaken," replied Jung, "and to prove my point I now predict that in a moment there will be another such loud report!" No sooner had he said the words than the same detonation went off in the bookcase again.

Jung says, "To this day I do not know what gave me this certainty. But I knew beyond all doubt that the report would come again. Freud only stared aghast at me."

Their mutual admiration was somewhat dimmed after this experience. And yet Sigmund Freud was eventually to come to such a complete acceptance of Jung's point of view about telepathy that he was able to say in 1933 in "Dreams

and the Occult": "No doubt you would far prefer that I should hold fast to a moderate theism, and turn relentlessly against anything occult. But I am not concerned to seek anyone's favor, and I must suggest to you that you should think more kindly of the objective possibility of thought transference and therefore also of telepathy."

Freud had several good cases which illustrated his point. One involves an obviously intelligent man who wrote him about a dream which seemed to him to be remarkable. Freud figured out why it was remarkable—and it was considerably more so than the man imagined. This gentleman prefaced his story with the information that his married daughter, who lived some distance from him, had been expecting her first confinement in the middle of December. He was very fond of his daughter and knew that she was devoted to him. Then, on the night between the sixteenth and seventeenth of November, he dreamed that his *wife* had given birth to twins.

The man explained to Freud that this woman about whom he dreamed was his second wife, the daughter's stepmother. He did not wish to have children by her because he did not consider her fit to bring up children in an understanding way, and a long time since he had given up sexual relations with her. He could not understand why he had dreamed it was she who had given birth; but the psychic quality of the dream became manifest when he learned later in the day that his daughter had had twins on the night of November sixteenth-seventeenth at just about the time he was dreaming that his wife had twins.

Freud had a jolly time with this dream. Psychoanalysis, he said, had discovered "a telepathic event which we should not otherwise have recognized as such," because the man, obviously dissatisfied with his second wife, preferred in his unconscious wish to have his daughter replace her. "Now, during the night, he receives the telepathic communication that his daughter has had twins. The dream work seizes on this information, allows his unconscious wish that his daughter should replace his second wife to act upon it, and thus emerges the singular manifest dream in which the wish itself is veiled and the message distorted."

Sigmund Freud had fought the belief in ESP long and hard before he finally gave up and admitted to such

incidents as the above. He had been forced to realize that telepathy must exist because there was so much evidence for it in his own experience with his patients. He had begun to be aware, as have many other psychiatrists, of what is now being referred to as "telepathic leakage" or "intuitive empathy" between patients and their therapists.

Analyst Helene Deutsch wrote, in an article entitled "Occult Processes Occurring in Psychoanalysis," that such situations often establish a psychic contact between patient and doctor that is so intimate, and the psychic processes which unfold themselves in the situation so manifold, "that the analytic situation may very well include all conditions which especially facilitate the occurrence of such phenomena."

Everyone knows that the patient often falls in love with his analyst—most often when the analyst is of the opposite sex. Dr. Deutsch reports a case involving a man who had been in analysis for several months, where there had been no evidence of any attraction to her until after a telepathic situation was set up between them. To discuss the complicated relationship very briefly, the patient had begun to tell her about a man in whom the analyst was very interested, although he did not know this. Deutsch says, "Consequently—and contrary to analytic rules—the focus of my attention began to shift from the patient to the news which he had given me. Naturally, I did not tell him that I had a personal interest in these tidings. In fact, I feel confident that I had not permitted any impression of my interest to reach the patient's conscious."

Out of this commonplace situation, interesting events grew. Ultimately, "The patient brought into the analysis memories pertaining to the infantile prototype of this situation. As a child, the patient hated bitterly all men who seemed to interest his mother because he was convinced that these men were his mother's lovers. Hence, in the transference situation, the patient fantasied that my interest in this matter was an erotic one . . ." So the analyst concluded that her own intensive interest had communicated itself to his unconscious, which had been listening all along for just that kind of material.

The Italian psychoanalyst and psychical researcher, Dr. Emilio Servadio, has a favorite ESP story about a 16-

year-old girl, whom he calls Luisa, who had a dream in April 1955. In it she saw the mother of her boyfriend Guido wearing a silver ring on her finger on which there were strange signs resembling hieroglyphics. The ring could be opened and therefore, she thought, would contain scent. When she woke up, Luisa told her own mother about her dream. A few hours later she telephoned Guido and began to relate her dream to him. Greatly excited, Guido interrupted her to say that he had just returned to Rome from Milan where he had bought for his mother a ring perfectly fitting that description.

Luisa and Guido were deeply in love but their engagement had not been announced because of their youth and Guido's lack of a good job. Luisa was eager to become formally betrothed and to receive an engagement ring. Psychoanalytically the dream revealed to Dr. Servadio that Luisa was jealous of Guido's attachment to his mother. He had only brought his girl earrings from Milan, but showed his preference for his mother by bringing her a ring. Telling of this case in a paper entitled "A Psychology of Telepathy" at the Conference on Spontaneous Phenomena in 1955, Dr. Servadio made it clear that he had checked with all parties concerned and satisfied himself that there was no way Luisa could normally have learned about the ring; but through telepathy she had somehow in her sleep established a temporary syntony, or resonance, between herself and Guido, "merging an unconscious, unitary psychic world which comprised them both."

In a lecture entitled "Psychoanalysis and Telepathy" delivered before the Thirteenth International Psychoanalytic Congress at Lucerne, Switzerland, in 1934, Dr. Servadio put his convictions on the line to his colleagues. One of the statements he made to them was: "I wish to stress that, in my opinion, those who continue to doubt the existence of telepathic phenomena betray thereby either their ignorance of matters pertaining to this problem, or else their prejudices." People behave toward telepathy in a manner reminiscent of Andersen's famous tale about the Emperor's new clothes, Dr. Servadio said. No one wants to be the first to admit what he has seen for fear of seeming stupid. "I think that many people are

convinced of the existence of telepathic phenomena and may even possess proofs of their existence. Yet the fear that one may be accused of being fixated upon an infantile mode of thought—i.e., of being inclined to view the world as magically animated—deprives almost everyone of the desire to express convictions of this kind."

Chapter IX

THE ORIGINAL FLYING NUNS

When you seclude a group of women together for a long period of time you are going to have some love-starved women. And you may have some explosions. It is probable, of course, that many non-emotional females may get along very well under such conditions; but others, pretty and nubile, may be unconsciously eager for romance, no matter how many vows to the contrary they have made. In convents where a number of young girls are attempting to live without any hope of physical love, some will make a beautiful adjustment. Some will not.

Thus we find that episodes of emotional violence are not altogether uncommon in convents. If situations occasionally get out of hand today in our carefully regulated modern cloisters, we hear little about it. Yet even as recently as the early 1960's a group of dutiful, hard-working students at a Mohammedan religious institute in northern Malaya had themselves a genuine hysterical hoopla. At this school the girls, from 12 to 20 years old, were drilled in Arabic, studied the Moslem faith, and recited from the Koran six days a week. The Selehiah Girls' Institute was surrounded by a high wall. The inmates were never let outside to play because recreation had no place in that ascetic and austere atmosphere. Suddenly there was an upsurge of insane activity among the students. They laughed, screamed, danced, jumped about and became so frenetic that it took five men to hold down any one girl. Everyone, themselves included, believed these young women to be possessed. They would shout such things as, "He's coming! He's coming! He's going to choke me!" Then they would show all the signs of being choked. They also complained of being pricked by needles and tormented in other ways.

At first local medicine men were asked to eliminate the intruding entities. They had no luck with their ceremonies because they discovered that the evil spirits obsessing the girls were much more powerful than they were; so then a modern physician was called in. He said the walls must be torn down so that the girls could go out into the nearby fields to play. He insisted that they be allowed more fun and freedom. The school authorities did what he suggested but they also took the precaution of proclaiming 30 straight days of prayer, just in case the possessions were something more than psychosomatic. Whatever it was that worked, something did. There is no possible opportunity from this distance to say who was correct in the diagnosis; but common sense indicates that fresh air and sunshine were bound to help. If there was any evidence of ESP phenomena occurring there, nothing about it was reported in the newspapers.

A similar Malaysian case in 1925 had details of a like nature, with the addition of much activity of a supernormal aspect. In Minh-binh, Tonkin (North Vietnam), at Phat-Diem, a Roman Catholic convent, things got so bad that an exorcism had to be undertaken. Msgr. deCoonan reported that first a young novice began to be persecuted with showers of sticks and stones and violent blows. Then all types of missiles such as bottles, bits of wood, and potatoes were thrown from some invisible source. There were a number of strange sound effects: laughter, sobs, and bird cries. Finally, a sort of mass hysteria traveled among all the novices like a contagion, and they began to do unusual things like climbing trees and rolling on the ground. Ultimately 14 persons became possessed. After the exorcism, peace finally descended upon the disturbed convent.

Now we know that the human mind is a delicate instrument at the mercy of its sensory perceptions. We know that its balance is easily shaken by shock, drugs, excitement, and by prolonged and intense concentration upon a single idea. Good illustrations of this are the stigmatics, those saintly persons who have stayed their thoughts on the wounds of Christ so long that bleeding wounds similar to His have eventually appeared on their own hands and feet. It has recently been learned that

genuine burns and blisters can actually appear upon the body of a hypnotized person who has been told that a pencil or any other object which touches him is fiery hot and has caused a burn. There is little doubt but that it is the stigmatist's own mind, concentrating on the desire to share Christ's suffering, that has produced the wounds, and the hypnotized person's unconscious mind that produced the blisters.

The Encyclopedia of Occultism notes that "in hallucinatory epidemics of all ages and countries there is to be found this unvarying characteristic They are connected with some dominant cause, train of thought or religious sentiment prevalent at the time. In the Middle Ages when there flourished an intense belief in the positive apparitions of angels, saints, and devils, the people's imagination was dominated and rendered intensely dramatic thereby."

It is this very human characteristic—the ability to produce and participate in wild and unusual activity because it has become a "fad"—that makes it so difficult to draw the line as to where hallucination leaves off and psychical phenomena begin. Can a group of people all be hallucinating when insane activity prevails? Have some of them become self-hypnotized into performing the same unusual acts as others who are definitely psychotic? Or might it be possible that some, at least, have actually gone into mediumistic trance and become possessed?

As we attempt to discuss the rage of bizarre diabolical invasions during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, just about the only means of trying to rationalize whether or not the events described in the historical records are genuine possession is by attempting to discover whether or not ESP occurred. Some of the instances were so poorly investigated, or were observed by such dedicated believers in devils and demons, that supernormal events were claimed where none may actually have been present.

Because these instances of mass hysteria are so frequently involved with religious groups, the Roman Catholic Church gives very careful attention to them. Committees of learned members of the clerical hierarchy and prominent doctors are usually dispatched to each convent or monastery where phenomena are reported, there to observe everything carefully with the purpose of

deciding whether or not the manifestations are genuine. Much has been written about cases that have been so observed and documented. Two goals are always in mind when such investigations are undertaken by the Church: Does the unusual activity occur to persons of such a saintly mien that it may confirm the impression that they are receiving extraordinary graces from God? Or does it indicate a genuine diabolic invasion? There is a third question always in the minds of committee members today: Can the unusual activity be explained instead as fraud or as temporary insanity?

What is the criterion by which the Catholic Church judges whether or not hysteria is the answer? The presence or absence of supernormal manifestations. The Church uses ESP phenomena and PK effects as the hallmark of supernormality.

"How is true possession to be distinguished from fraud or the symptoms of disease?" asks Aldous Huxley in *The Devils of Loudun*. "The Church prescribes four tests—the language test, the test of preternatural physical strength, the test of levitation, and the test of clairvoyance and prevision. If a person can on occasion understand, or better still, speak a language of which, in his normal state, he is completely ignorant; if he can manifest the physical miracle of levitation or perform unaccountable feats of strength, and if he can correctly predict the future or describe events taking place at a distance—then that person may be presumed to be possessed by devils." Alternatively, however, "he may be presumed to be the recipient of extraordinary graces; for in many instances divine and infernal miracles are, most unhappily, identical. The levitation of saintly ecstatics is distinguishable from the levitation of ecstatic demoniacs only in virtue of the moral antecedents and consequences of the event."

Instances of levitation have occurred with several of the saints. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa of Avila, and St. Joseph of Copertino, were famous for it. Before church dignitaries and medical men of repute, the physical bodies of these flying nuns and priests actually left the ground and soared into the air on numerous occasions. In a recapitulation of events in the life of St. Joseph of Copertino, Eric Dingwall says in *Some Human Oddities*:

"The flights and levitations of Joseph did not always occur inside buildings, but sometimes out-of-doors. For instance, it is recorded that one day a priest, Antonio Chiarello, who was walking with him in the kitchen-garden, remarked how beautiful was the heaven which God had made. Thereupon Joseph, as if these words were an invitation to him from above, uttered a shriek, sprang from the ground, and flew into the air, only coming to rest on the top of an olive tree where he remained in a kneeling position for half an hour. It was noticed with wonder at the time that the branch on which he rested only shook slightly as if a bird had been sitting upon it. It appears that in this case Joseph came to his senses whilst still on the tree, as the Reverend Antonio had to go to fetch a ladder to get him down."

St. Teresa of Avila, one of the most articulate saints of the Church, was apt to float off into trance almost any time, and into space on occasion. She wrote in her memoirs that she did not like to levitate when alone because she was afraid of delusions, so she would resist. She said, "Occasionally I was able, by great efforts, to make slight resistance, but afterwards I was worn out, like a person who had been contending with a strong giant." She spoke of the time when she soared into the air when she was with the other sisters in choir. She was on her knees at the point of praying, and, "It was very sore distress to me; for I thought it a most extraordinary thing and was afraid it would occasion much talk; so I commanded the nuns—for it happened after I was made prioress—never to speak of it."

Word got out, however; but it only helped her cause because she was such a good and devout woman. Had either she or Joseph of Copertino done their flying with blasphemy on their lips while making ugly faces, it would have been understood that they were undergoing diabolical possession. The devil and his demons were believed to be just as capable as the angels of causing those they influenced to perform supernormal feats.

Today, doctors who discuss such manifestations (unless they happen to be good Catholics) tend to discredit all reports of ESP involving persons allegedly possessed, whether by angels or demons or whatever. To psychoanalysts it is safer completely to reject the accounts

of supernormal activity as poor observation, fraud, or misinterpretation of the facts. Thus all the famous saints and the diabolically possessed nuns of the Middle Ages are classified in one lump as mere hysterics.

Within the Church itself it must be noted that if the levitations and other ESP phenomena were not entirely on the side of the good and the beautiful and the affirmative—thus coming from God—then they were caused by the devil. There was no middle ground whereby evil or unenlightened or mischievous spirits of the dead might possess human beings. Even if an entity speaking through the mouth of an entranced mortal declared himself to be the spirit of Pierre Poulet who had died on a farm just a few miles away from the convent, he was not the real Pierre surviving death as a spirit, but a devil claiming to be Pierre Poulet. This raises the possibility that, in order to get a hearing, those spirit entities who did speak through the possessed nuns soon learned to call themselves Asmodeus, Astaroth, Leviathan, Beherit, Eazaz, Zabulon, Nephthali, etc., and to insist that they were devils and demons. It must have been great fun for them, whoever they actually were, to cause devout nuns to turn cartwheels, walk on their hands with their virtuous legs over their heads and their feet in front of their faces, and stick out their sanctimonious tongues and roll their eyes at church magistrates.

No matter how badly these nuns behaved, there is no use attributing everything they did to possession. They may have had some fun out of it, too. What other possible chance might a recalcitrant novice have to get by with disobeying rules and letting all her inhibitions hang out? If one nun thought she saw a ghost which so scared her that she began to have convulsions, the first reactions of one or two of the other sisters might have been efforts to get into the act and share some of her attention. After misbehaving consciously for a while, either hysteria or trance might then have taken over and caused them to continue in a much more frantic fashion. We must always keep in mind that we (like the Roman Catholics in this instance) should use the evaluation of whether or not supernormal manifestations occurred as a criterion for judging which was genuine and which was not.

As is observed in the two Malaysian cases mentioned earlier, one seemed to have no evidence of ESP—at least none was reported; but the second case appears to have been a genuine poltergeist. The poltergeist—noisy ghost—is that strange force that makes objects fly, dishes fall from shelves, bottles pop their caps, brooms chase people through a house, and all kinds of other fantastic foolishness. It is obviously produced by PK—psychokinetic—force coming from some human; but unexplained movement and unaccountable events are part of its every routine. As in the Vietnam instance, showers of stones have often occurred in poltergeist cases. So have missiles thrown apparently from nowhere, their source of projection never detected. We will soon discuss poltergeists in more detail. For the present, let us note that such activity can be associated with possession cases as well as hauntings.

And now we go to the days of old, when mankind was earthy yet at the same time highly concerned with things spiritual. All the stories of the peculiar performances of certain nuns during the Middle Ages are a matter of historical record. At the time they were described as diabolical possession. Today they are usually thought of as hysterical episodes caused by the high suggestibility of a group of emotional women. In those cases where ESP phenomena did not occur, this was probably the entire answer. But levitations, telepathy, and other supernormal manifestations make it imperative that some cases have an explanation more relevant to the facts of the case.

Between 1350 and 1360 at the convent of St. Brigitta at Xanthen, near Cologne, Germany, the inmates declared that they had been visited by the devil and had actually seen him in the body and held conversation with him. They soon began to gambol about and bleat like sheep. For ten years, according to reports, some of them could not swallow food. The original cause of this was a young nun whose parents had refused to allow her to marry the man she loved. After she became frenzied, demeaning herself with strange and terrible actions, the trouble spread like a plague through the cloister, others coming down with it in an even more virulent form. The first nun then got out from under the whole difficult situation by abandoning

herself to her warder and having two children. It is to be hoped that she moved out of the convent for such conduct does not set a very good example.

In 1564 other nuns in the Cologne area, at the convent of Nazareth, were so wanton as to lie out on the ground with their "clothing disordered as if for the companionship of men," say the records. During this time their eyes would be closed as if they were in trance. "Later they came to with shame and the feeling that they had endured some deep injury." The poor things were said to be possessed by devils; but it sounds more as if they had been possessed by incubi.

There is little detail in these earliest reports; but by 1642 a very particularized account comes to us from Louviers. Much apparently went on there under the eyes of men who had a certain amount of objectivity, a Dr. Ese giving a very thorough written report of what he had observed. He wrote that Sister Mary of St. Esprit, who was possessed by the demon Dagon, was a large woman, slender-waisted, of good complexion and with no evidence of illness, yet "she came into the refectory . . . head erect and eyes wandering from side to side, singing, dancing and skipping. Still moving about and touching lightly those around her, she spoke with an elegance of language expressive of the good feeling and good nature which were his (using the person of the devil). All this was done with movements and carriage alike haughty, following it up with a violence of blasphemy, then a reference to his dear little friend Magdalene, his darling and his favorite mistress. And then, without springing or using effort of any kind, she projected herself into a pane of glass and hanging on to a central bar of iron passed bodily through it."

Another writer has given a description of the actions at Louviers of a young nun, only a girl, who appeared wild and possessed and ran hither and thither with movements so abrupt and violent that it was difficult to stop her. "One of the clerics present, having caught her by the arm, was surprised to find that it did not prevent the rest of her body from turning over and over as if the arm were fixed to the shoulder merely by a spring. This wholly unnatural performance was carried out some seven or eight times and

that with an ease and speed difficult to imagine." A spinning nun!

This girl also lifted with the mere tips of her fingers a vase of marble "some two feet in diameter and a little under a foot deep, with sides about three fingers' breadth in thickness. So heavy was it that three of the most robust persons would have had difficulty in raising it while on the ground, yet this girl, to all appearances of very low vitality, came into the chapel and grasping the vase merely by the ends of her fingers, raised it from the pedestal on which it was placed, turned it upside down and threw it on the ground with as much ease as if it had been a piece of cardboard or paper. Such great strength in one so weak astonished all those present."

At the convent of Laon a nun named Nicoli was exorcised and 26 devils came out of her, according to reports by an author named Bouloese. While she was undergoing the exorcism ceremony, performed by the Abbot of Saint-Vincent, the canon of the Church of Notre Dame of Laon, and others: "As often as the reverend father swung the sacred host before her eyes, saying, 'Begone, enemy of God,' so did she toss from side to side, twisting her face towards her feet, and making horrible noises. Her feet were reversed, with the toes in the position of the heel, and despite the restraining power of eight of the men, she stiffened herself and threw herself into the air a height of six feet, the stature of a man, so that the attendants, sometimes even carried with her into the air, perspired at their work." And although they held her with all their might, they still could not restrain her, and she floated away into the air again.

These flying nuns who were possessed diabolically did not seem able to get very high off the ground. None of this floating to the treetops for them. Yet even achieving six feet into the air is a rare accomplishment. At another of these elusively named and situated places—Wertet in the County of Horne—the possessed nuns suffered grotesque torments. The report says: "When some thirty of their females visited this convent to congratulate those who seemed relieved and practically cured, some of them immediately fell backwards from the table they were at,

losing the power of speech and of recognizing anyone, while others were stretched out as if dead with arms and legs turned around. One of them was raised into the air against the restraining efforts of those present and then brought again to the ground so forcibly that she seemed dead. She rose, however, as if from a deep sleep and left the convent uninjured."

This last instance is typical of trance phenomena, where nothing that happens to the body of the medium is either felt or leaves any scars or bruises. A hypnotized person can be injured and then told to feel no pain and have no scars and he will respond as directed. Apparently when the consciousness is not in control, what happens to the body does not permanently affect it.

Besides the ability to float or be projected into the air, other psychical attributes of some of the nuns undergoing diabolical possession included telepathy and clairvoyance. The nuns frequently understood the thoughts and inward commands used by exorcists and priests. The investigator might send out a mental call for a specific nun and she would arrive at his door a few moments later. He might think that he wanted her to perform a certain act and she would do so immediately, although no word had been spoken.

Another odd thing that occurred with sisters in various besieged convents (it is also an occasional feature of poltergeist cases), was that the stomach became greatly swollen as if blown up like a balloon. Even the entire body might swell that way. Yet the moment the protagonist awoke from trance the body resumed its normal proportions immediately. Also, the possessed women frequently vomited such things as brass needles, wads of hair, large bent nails, broken glass and other objects they were most unlikely to have swallowed.

Among the non-psychic activities, roaring and yelling were big features, as was obscene language and blasphemy and running about in unnatural positions with their arms and legs twisted and tongues stuck out as far as they would go.

In 1746 at the Convent of Unterzell a nun became the victim of "hysterical symptoms including hallucinations of touch, sight and hearing," according to an account of the

events. Does this refer to ESP? The report is unclear. But in addition the convent was haunted by strange and varied poltergeist effects. Furniture was moved by unseen forces and chairs overturned mysteriously. A large oak chest was upset with a crash that alarmed everyone. Soon after this certain sisters fell prey to possession and began to scream, foam at the mouth, and manifest the usual hysterical symptoms. They also became convulsed, ran around with superhuman energy, became rigid and cataleptic, threw themselves about and demonstrated abnormal strength.

There are many more instances during this curious time in history when nuns in convents went berserk. I have saved the most interesting story of diabolic possession for last because there is more and better information about it than any of the others. Aldous Huxley researched the voluminous records and early reports published on the case and came up with a most interesting book, *The Devils of Loudun*. Most of this material is taken from it.

The story of the nuns of St. Ursula's Convent at Loudun, France, is intertwined with that of Urbain Grandier, a worldly Jesuit priest of great charm. In order to comprehend how he got away with the philanderings for which he was famous, we must understand the tenor of the times in which he lived—the early 1600's. Open and cynical license among the clergy was so commonplace that no one thought anything about it. By the end of that century things were beginning to change, but only because hypocrisy was becoming more evident. Anyway, a code of regulations issued in 1668 suggested that friars should not be excommunicated if, "when about to yield to the temptations of the flesh, or to commit theft, they prudently laid aside the monastic habit." After circulation of the code, if concubines were kept, they were supposed to be kept under the guise of sisters or nieces.

In Urbain Grandier's day, however, the clergy could be free and open with their amours if they wanted to. Urbain wanted to. When he took over as priest of the Loudun church he already had quite a reputation, and his amorous dalliances soon became a local scandal. He looked the role he played, being a tall, athletic man with large dark eyes, an abundance of crinkly black hair, a narrow mustache on his upper lip and an elegant Vandyke beard on his chin. He

not only appeared satanic but he was a devil with the ladies. Nonetheless, he was able to justify his acts thoroughly, with a sense of righteous zeal. His written rationalization for it was as follows, according to Huxley's quotations from Grandier's papers: " 'A promise to perform the impossible is not binding. For the young male, continence is impossible. Therefore no vow involving such continence is binding.' And if this does not suffice, here is a second argument based on the universally accepted maxim that we are not bound by promises extorted under duress. 'The priest does not embrace celibacy for the love of celibacy, but solely that he may be admitted to holy orders.' His vow 'does not proceed from his will, but is imposed upon him by the Church, which compels him, willy-nilly, to accept this hard condition, without which he may not practice the sacerdotal profession.' The upshot of all this was that Grandier felt himself at perfect liberty ultimately to marry and, meanwhile, to lead the well-rounded life with any pretty woman who was ready to be cooperative."

This priest who could justify things so to his own advantage was not above seducing the virgin daughter of one of the city officials, and when she became pregnant he had the nerve to chastise her for her reprehensible conduct. This did nothing to endear Grandier to the local citizens, and he was not the most popular man in town. Thus there were many to take sides against him when the nuns at the nearby convent determined to have him burned as a witch. Conversely, for all his waywardness with the ladies, these nuns were safe from him and had been from the very beginning. He had not even been near the place. That apparently was part of his trouble!

In 1627 Jeanne des Anges had become the new prioress at the Convent of the Ursulines near Loudun. In her mid-twenties, she was small, almost dwarfish, and slightly deformed, although with a pretty face. Because of her deformity she had been sent to the nunnery, where her bright mind was soon rewarded by promotion to prioress. When Urbain Grandier's reputation as an exploiter of women began to titillate her imagination, Jeanne of the Angels started to dream about him at night. She decided to ask him to be the cloister's confessor; but he refused. Why

get himself involved with that dull group? he thought.

After this rejection, the prioress began to hate him. But she still had her old obsessive desire for him, so she envisioned him as an incubus who came in the night and "delighted in inflicting upon his victim the outrage of an unwelcome but irrepressible pleasure."

The prioress did not hesitate to tell the nuns about her nocturnal adventures with Grandier, and several other sisters began to have similar visions of the importunate priest and to hear his voice whisper the most indelicate propositions in their ears. Soon they were describing "phantoms that came in the night, plucked the covers off the beds and touched their faces with icy fingers." Every morning now the nuns had new and frightening stories to tell their pupils, the little girls of the town who attended school at the Ursulines. The children became thoroughly alarmed and the whole convent was in a panic. That was when the actual demoniac possession took effect and the nuns began to produce all the proverbial devils' tricks. They swore and jumped about, performing weird gymnastics. They howled and shrieked and moaned and had the time of their lives. Rumors went all over the countryside that the nunnery was haunted and the sisters were all possessed by demons.

Now came the confessors and the exorcists, an ignorant and superstitious lot who firmly believed in the existence of the devil and were taken in completely by the crazed violence of the nuns. The fiends, speaking to the confessors through the women, produced shameful diatribes against Urbain Grandier, telling plenty about his nightly cavortings in the nuns' beds as an incubus.

Perhaps these sisters were genuine hysterics by now, even if they may have begun by merely playing games; however, the Church never made a decision in favor of diabolical possession at Loudun. In the absence of genuine extrasensory phenomena, and in order to assure the magistrates that the possessions were real, the exorcists and their supporters were compelled to fall back on less convincing arguments. They asserted that the nuns must be inhabited by devils, for how, otherwise, could one account for the shamelessness of their actions, the smut and irreligion of their conversations, the blasphemies and

obscenities they spewed forth? With a touch of almost boastfulness one of the early authors about the Loudun devils, deNion, assures us that the good sisters "made use of expressions so filthy as to shame the most debauched of men, while their acts, both in exposing themselves and in inviting lewd behavior from those present, would have astounded the inhabitants of the lowest brothel in the country." Actually, he said, their blasphemies were "so unheard of that they could not have suggested themselves to a merely human mind." This was his reason for believing that devils had taken over. This and the fact that the nuns, when entranced, insisted upon it. Each sister gave the name of the demon whose special charge she was.

Loudun now had a show good enough and lascivious enough to attract the public, and everyone who wished could come to the convent and watch the poor sisters in their agonies. They were exhibited as freaks to the thousands who crowded in. Their demons were encouraged to hold forth on every subject, Huxley says, from sex to transubstantiation, their statements were accepted as gospel truth, and they were treated as distinguished visitors from the next world, whose utterances had almost as much authority as the Bible.

"If they blasphemed and talked bawdy—well, that was just their pretty way," says Huxley. "And anyhow bawdry and blasphemy were box office. The faithful fairly lapped them up and came back, in their thousands, for more." The stricken nuns were even taken in batches to the various churches of the city and put through their paces.

Jeanne des Anges, who had started it all, bore the brunt of it. Once when her devil was being particularly obnoxious, the apothecary was sent for. Then the prioress was carried to her cell and tied down, her limbs were pinioned, strong hands held her writhing, screaming body, and, in front of as many of the gaping, leering public as could crowd into the room, she was given an enema. Two minutes later, Asmodeus, the demon who had been possessing her, took his departure. Another way the exorcists had of getting rid of the devils was to beat the nuns with whips. This sent them scooting out of the women and back to hell or wherever they resided on a permanent

basis. Nothing else in the way of exorcism seemed to work at all.

Because the devils consistently maintained that their arrival had been inspired by the indecent and immoral behavior of Urbain Grandier, it was not long until the townspeople became convinced of it. Had that gentleman been more pleasant in the right places, he would have had more friends to support him in his hour of need. But he had even had the gall to be rude at one time to Cardinal Richelieu, so he had no one in high councils to come to his rescue. How many people have been punished, not for the crime with which they were charged, but for other nameless offenses which have won them unpopularity? Urbain Grandier was one of them, and in 1634, despite his dignified protestations of innocence, he was agonizingly tortured and then burned at the stake for causing the diabolic invasion of the nuns of the Ursulines at Loudun.

As the flames leaped into the air and Grandier's body slumped in its final death agony, an enormous drone fly was seen buzzing about his head. A monk who was present at the execution attested that this was the devil Beelzebub, the God of the Flies, come to carry away to hell the soul of the victim.

What became of the prioress who had instigated all this trouble? Sister Jeanne of the Angels ended up almost a saint. After several years her acts of hysterical abandon no longer drew the crowds they used to. She then decided that even the most devil-ridden soul might hope to attain sainthood if she put on a strong enough campaign, and so she set out to try to emulate St. Teresa of Avila. She reverted to such a pious program of do-gooding that she almost made it. But not quite.

Chapter X

POSSESSION

As recently as 1864-69 in the village of Illfurth, France, two young brothers underwent many experiences similar to those of the flying nuns. The two Burner boys, Thiébaud, age nine, and Joseph, age seven, exhibited the typical and traditional symptoms of whatever-it-is. They whirled about on their backs at fantastic speed, suffered odd convulsive seizures during which their arms and legs were subject to distorted positions and motions, and on occasion became rigid for hours. They often shouted obscenities and were able to speak and understand several languages they did not normally know. When entranced, the brothers could predict future events and discuss subjects out of keeping with their ages and education. Also, at times when they were seated, both the boys and their chairs were levitated into the air.

Because of the various ESP phenomena in evidence, and also because their attacks were greatly intensified in the presence of rosaries and holy medals and they revealed hatred when the Virgin Mary was mentioned, churchmen naturally attributed their incredible actions and speech to genuine diabolic invasion. If devils do exist, perhaps they were right, because, while doctors were baffled, priests were finally able to exorcise the entities and relieve the boys of their fantastic maladies.

Another who was allegedly demoniacally possessed was a valet named William who worked for nobleman Meiner Clath of the castle of Boutenbrouch in the German duchy of Juliers. William's actions were also similar to those of the nuns of our last chapter; and so Judith, Clath's wife, began to pray to God for his release from the devil. Immediately there issued from William's mouth, among other odds and ends, the whole of the front part of the

trousers of a shepherd, stones—some in one piece and others broken, wads of thread, a peruke such as women wore, needles, a piece of the serge jacket belonging to a small boy, and a peacock's feather. William assured everyone that he had at no time swallowed any of those things. He was quite sure they had not been in his stomach but had been put into his throat by his devil.

For 14 years William suffered all manner of indignities. Then one day he got fresh with a kitchen maid. She cried, "William, you scoundrel, get your paws off me."

"I am not William!" the man shrieked in rage. "My name is Beelzebub!"

Judith Clath, that fearless mistress of the castle, ran to the kitchen to see what all the fuss was about. She reacted to the devil's statement with righteous indignation. "Do you think we fear you?" she asked. "He Whom we serve is infinitely more powerful than you are."

She called her husband who then read aloud the eleventh chapter of Luke where Jesus cast out a demon that was dumb and when the demon was gone the dumb man spoke and the people marveled. But some of the people said, "He casts out demons by Beelzebub, the prince of demons"; while others, to try Him, sought from Him a sign from heaven. Jesus told them it was by the finger of God that He cast out demons.

Something about the reading of this chapter finished off the entity who had been possessing William for so long. The valet fell asleep and slept until morning like one in a swoon. After that he was a well man. He thanked his master and mistress and asked God to reward them for the trouble they had been caused by his affliction, then he went home to his parents. He later married and had children and never again was tormented by the devil.

Yet what if devils are not the answer? How would a person comport himself if he were possessed by the spirit of a deceased human being instead? Much the same way, apparently. Whether the explanation given for these wild shenanigans is diabolic invasion, hysterical mania, a god (*loa*) riding a horse, or the influence of malevolent spirits, the results are usually quite similar.

If the entity controlling William, the valet, had not been enacting the role of a devil, he might have been acting like

a belligerent and bloodthirsty scoundrel, asking for whiskey and chasing all the women. In that case it could just have been thought that William had fallen into bad company and become corrupted; and people might not even have realized he was possessed until he began to vomit little boy's jackets and peacock feathers. If an entity who was possessing him was not playing devil, he might even have given forth information about who and what he had been while on earth.

In a case reported by Dr. Justinus Kerner, an intelligent German researcher of the early part of the 19th century, a 31-year-old woman went into trance and her personality changed entirely. From then on, whenever she was entranced, she declared herself to be Caspar B., who was born in 1783 and confessed himself to have been a very unpleasant person. He said of his life on earth, "Once when I was angry I took my father by the throat and shook him. I was inclined to drink and forget myself with persons of the opposite sex. I got two girls pregnant and in each case stubbornly refused to admit being the father of the child. Oh, I was a real knave, all right. I fell deeper and deeper into evil ways, became a drunkard, and a reprobate. To tell the truth, my conscience often awoke, but I would drown it at the ale house."

Now, I do not suggest that there is any factual evidence in such old accounts as these. They are interesting for comparison purposes, however. It is singular, but true, that whenever anyone goes into trance, something purporting to be independent from his own mind and personality speaks through him, telling stories that are basically similar. Either the entity is playing devil and causing fanciful phenomena—in cultures where that is fashionable—or he is claiming to be a human being who has lived on earth, and acting like such a person. Let us see if we can understand a bit about what happens in such instances. Possession is defined as the usurpation of the personal identity and control of the body by a foreign and discarnate entity. It occurs when a person's conscious mind goes into a trancelike state—or is withdrawn from active control of the body—and someone else takes his place.

Corrado Balducci says in "Parapsychology and Diabolic

Possession" in the *International Journal of Parapsychology*: "There is . . . in the possessed individual, a true substitution of command; he moves, speaks, and acts, not under the direction of his own forces, of his own determined personality, but like a blindly docile, fatally obedient instrument, which is directed and guided by a force that dominates it with violence."

The belief in possession comes from the earliest records of humanity, and substantially the same manifestations exist in the history of at least half the human race. In the magical rites of ancient religions, charms are used against possession and exorcisms remove the invading influences. Egyptian, Greek and Roman literature teem with instances. The Babylonian tablets of cuneiform give satisfying attestation to the existence of possession in ancient Mesopotamia. The Athera-Veda do the same for ancient India.

One of the oldest recorded stories comes from the third century A.D. The Greek Sophist Flavius Philostratus, in his biography of the ascetic and thaumaturge (miracle worker) Apollonius of Tyana, relates the following: A poor woman came before the wise men to ask them to help her son. He was 16 years old and for two years had been possessed by an evil and lying demon. The boy was very attractive and the demon claimed to love him. Still, he did not allow the youth the use of his reason, but stayed within him all the time. He prevented the boy from going to school, from learning to shoot with the bow, and even from remaining at home, for he would cause him to go away into desolate places. The boy no longer even had his own voice; he uttered deep and grave sounds like a grown man. The eyes with which he looked forth were not his eyes.

"All this afflicts me deeply," said his mother. "I rend my bosom and seek to bring back my child, but he does not recognize me." Before she left home that day, she said, the demon spoke to her by the mouth of her child, declaring that he was the spirit of a man killed in war who died loving his wife. But his wife defiled his couch three days after his death by a new marriage; he came to loathe the love of women and had diverted all his passion to this child. He promised the woman if she would not attempt to

make him leave, to do much good for her son. She said, "These promises tempted me for a little while, but now for a long time past he has been the sole master in my house, where he thinks of nothing but mischief and deceit." She had tried to bring the boy with her; but "the demon threatened to throw the body into gulfs, over precipices, in a word to slay him if she went to the wise men."

"Be at peace," said the sage, "he will not slay your child when he has read this." And he drew from his bosom a letter which he gave to this woman. The letter was addressed to the demon and contained the most terrible threats toward him. The account does not say how successful the letter was—it leaves us hanging. But this case is particularly interesting because it shows that while the witnesses referred to the possessing entity as a demon, he himself stated that he was the spirit of a man killed in war.

The Bible furnishes many incidents, from the case of Saul "troubled with an evil spirit" that was dispossessed by the music of David's harp, to the miracles of Jesus. Everyone is familiar with Chapter Five in the Book of Mark: "And when He had come out of the boat, there met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit who lived among the tombs; and no one could bind him any more, even with a chain; for he had often been bound with fetters and chains, but the chains he wrenched apart, and the fetters he broke in pieces; and no one had the strength to subdue him. Night and day among the tombs and on the mountains he was always crying out, and bruising himself with stones. And when he saw Jesus from afar, he ran and worshiped Him; and crying out with a loud voice, he said, "What have you to do with me, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I adjure you by God, do not torment me." For He had said to him, "Come out of the man, you unclean spirit!" And Jesus asked him, "What is your name?" He replied, "My name is Legion; for we are many." And he begged Him eagerly not to send them out of the country. Now a great herd of swine was feeding there on the hillside; and they begged Him, "Send us to the swine, let us enter into them." So He gave them leave. And the unclean spirits came out, and entered into the swine and the herd, numbering about two thousand, rushed down the steep

bank into the sea, and were drowned in the sea."*

Of such Biblical accounts of evil spirits T. K. Oesterreich says in *Possession*: "Comparing these brief stories with accounts of the phenomena of possession in later times, we find what may be described as the perfect similarity of the facts extremely surprising, while our respect for the historic truth of the Gospels is enhanced to an extraordinary degree."

Obsession is another term used in connection with such cases as we are discussing, although there is a degree of difference between them. Yet obsession and possession are sometimes confused because apparently they are so much alike. According to traditional belief, obsession is a form of insanity caused by the persistent attack of an evil spirit from without, while possession is the control by an evil spirit from within. Both mean the usurpation of the individuality and control of the body by a foreign and discarnate entity or a devil. Obsession is not actual possession but is an overshadowing of the consciousness of one individual by the consciousness of another. In most cases this is claimed to be a spirit entity who controls without actually substituting his consciousness for that of the owner of the body. It is also said to be possible for a living person who is having an out-of-body experience to obsess another living person, particularly one in a coma or a drunken stupor, and there is a certain amount of testimony for this.

Occasionally when possession manifests itself, the individual begins to look somewhat like the deceased entity who purports to be controlling him. There is also a change in the personality as a whole, with the characteristic attitudes and expressions of the possessor and his voice inflections. There have been occasions when someone is said to be taken over by the spirit of a local person who recently died. Then the likeness of personality, appearance, and actions is more easily identified.

A modern case illustrates this perfectly. It also is one which brings what would seem to be fairly authenticating evidence. Dr. Giovanni Scambia of Catanzaro in Calabria, Italy, made a meticulous report for the Associazione di

* Mark 5:9 Revised Standard Version *The New Testament.*

Recherche Psychique, and from it, published in *La Ricerca Psichico* for June 1939, comes the following story by way of *Fate* magazine:

Maria Talarico, the second of six children in a family in the village of Siano, at the age of 17 came down for a time with a strange malady. She suddenly became someone else, a spirit named Pepe who was identified and recognized as Guiseppe Veraldi, a young bricklayer of Catanzaro, known as Pepe. Three years before, on February 13, 1936, this young man had been found dead beneath a high bridge over the river Corace. Because he had recently had an unfortunate love affair, at the inquest it was decided that he had committed suicide by jumping from the bridge; but his relatives were not convinced of this and were sure he had been murdered.

Now, on January 5, 1939, three years later, a healthy and popular young woman, Maria Talarico, walked across this bridge, and when she returned home she was seized by a strange fit or frenzy. In a voice deeper than usual she demanded that her mother be brought. When her own mother was brought, however, she did not know her. She said, "You are not my mother. My mother lives in Baracche Street in Catanzaro and her name is Catterina. I am Pepe."

News went abroad that Maria was insane, but soon it was decided that she had instead been invaded by the spirit of Guiseppe Veraldi. A variety of physicians were called in to examine her, and Dr. Giovanni Scambia was one of them. He visited her 14 times during the period of her derangement and kept careful records. During this time Maria knew intimate facts about Pepe's life, but did not know her own relatives. She continually insisted that Pepe had been murdered and had not committed suicide.

Although Maria had never seen a sample of Guiseppe Veraldi's handwriting, she wrote a note to his mother which was declared after careful examination to be in his handwriting.

Pepe, in Maria's body, carefully set the stage to show how he had been killed. He asked four men to play cards with him and called them by the names of the men who had been Pepe's companions on the night of his death. He asked for wine to be served, and he smoked cigarettes

constantly. When the wine was passed Pepe would say, "What do you want to get me drunk for? Why don't you do the same now as you did then? Why don't you put salt, sugar, and poppy seeds in my wine as you did that night?" While Pepe was speaking, the glass Maria was holding cracked into fragments and fell from her hand. (Poltergeist activity?) The Pepe personality consumed four quarts of wine with sugar and salt in it, and chain-smoked cigarettes, and the poor body of Maria could not stand it. She became deathly ill and vomited.

After she recovered, Pepe re-lived his death under the bridge, accusing his drinking friends, whom he called Toto, Abele, Rosario, and Damiano. He cried out, "Abele, Toto, let me alone! Don't hit me like that! Help! help! They are trying to kill me under the bridge!"

Maria was subjected to tests to see if the Pepe personality recognized members of his own family. She was shown a picture of Veraldi's sister whom Maria had never met. Pepe immediately recognized it and became very emotional about it, kissing it again and again.

The next day Maria awoke early, and Pepe said, "My mother is on her way to visit me. She is almost at the bridge now." Soon Pepe went to the door and greeted Catterina Veraldi, who arrived at seven o'clock. He embraced her, kissed her, and called her Mother. Mrs. Veraldi was more than somewhat surprised when the girl climbed on her lap crying, "Mother, my Mother. It is Pepe. I haven't seen you for three years!"

Catterina asked her son about his murder and he repeated the story he had told before. He was able to tell what had happened to his false friends since then: Toto had sailed as a volunteer for East Africa and been badly wounded. Abele had died in the hospital of a heart attack. Pepe then said, "Another one, Damiano, is on his way to this house now, Mother." And shortly afterward Damiano arrived. He was very reticent and evasive in all his answers to the charges made by Pepe, and he refused to talk to Dr. Scambia at all.

As another evidence of his ability at ESP, Pepe sent a friend, Fabiano, to the store for him, and then while he was gone told the people at home what was occurring. When Fabiano returned he declared that it was all correct.

When Maria's mother began to complain with alarm for her daughter, Pepe's mother went home. Then Pepe, in Maria's body, insisted that people should accompany him to the bridge. There he climbed down the steep river bank, threw off most of Maria's clothes, and lay down on the ground, sprawled in the same spot and position that the dead man had been found. The body then became unconscious, and about ten minutes later Maria's own personality awoke. She was very much surprised to be where she was, with the crowd gathered around her. She recognized her own mother for the first time in days. Her mind was blank about the entire time the Pepe personality had been present. Even Dr. Scambia, who had attended Pepe daily for more than two weeks, was unrecognized.

Dr. Scambia concluded that Maria, as Pepe, had the knowledge and memories of the deceased Veraldi and knew nothing of Maria whose personality and mind had temporarily disappeared. He felt that the explanation for the possession obviously lay in Pepe's motivation to clear his name of suicide and to lay the blame for his murder where it rightfully belonged. Perhaps he had attempted to take over other persons in his efforts to "come back," but had finally found in Maria the one who was receptive enough to allow him to possess her, just as a medium would who went into trance.

Edmond P. Gibson, the author of the article in *Fate*, "The Possession of Maria Talarico," says, "The scales seem weighted in favor of the hypothesis that the spirit of the dead man returned, temporarily invading Maria's body, and when he had explained his murder he abandoned her body and she was once again herself."

There are occasions when persons who know they are mediumistic may allow possession for periods of time in order that a spirit may attempt to establish his identity and his proof that he survives death. Gladys Osborne Leonard and many other mediums who have gone into trances have been possessed and produced evidence so convincing as to have brought proof of survival that was satisfactory enough to convince many of their patrons.

A non-professional medium once had a rare experience of this kind. The story is about a young sculptor who went into trance and various entities purported to speak through

him. This went on for years; then came one who said she was a Circassian girl named Tia who was so charming that a friend of the sculptor's fell in love with her. He begged the sculptor to remain in trance for hours at a time so that he could talk with Tia. She, herself, was willing to keep control indefinitely so that she could enjoy the companionship of his friend. Finally the sculptor agreed to exchange souls with Tia temporarily. In this case his own consciousness did not completely leave, but was overshadowed. It was an instance of obsession, rather than possession. He wrote of his experience:

"I fell into a deep sleep, and when I awoke I was Tia; or else Tia was myself; I do not know how to explain the thing. I was completely different in every way. All my thoughts and sensations were transformed. I only lived, or properly speaking, Tia only lived, for my friend. My name must no longer be pronounced in his presence, and Tia executed this faithfully. Was I therefore Tia? For I could hardly have been capable of such a self-repudiation. Externally I, of course, remained the same person and passed as such; only the expression of my face must have changed."

Eventually his friend had to leave town on business and the sculptor could not accompany him; and so a fortnight after his departure Tia went out into the country and sat down on the grass. The sculptor says: "She or I had a feeling that everything was whirling around, it seemed to her that part of herself was being torn away. Then she lost consciousness, and when I came to myself again I found that I was once more myself. The spiritualist haunting—for so at that moment the years through which I had lived appeared to me—ceased from that time onwards." Tia then wrote through him an occasional letter to his friend, who had an intense longing for her. To write these letters the sculptor would fall into a temporary trance.

Perhaps this case represents nothing more than a highly original alibi for a homosexual interlude. But then again, perhaps not.

Another case of a slightly similar nature as far as a woman's spirit entering a man is concerned, differs from the above account for it reveals that this sort of thing can happen spontaneously as well as by design.

This account, related by Dr. Natalie Monat in *Fate* magazine, May 1968, tells that in Casablanca, Morocco, in 1943, a man to whom Dr. Monat gives the pseudonym of Henri Delarte visited her, troubled and preoccupied. He told her about his son, an intelligent, respectful, loving and obedient boy who had become possessed by an evil spirit. He said it had all started about two months previously. His 18-year-old son did not come home right after school and he was angry because he was very strict with the boy so that he would not become scatterbrained like many of his wealthy friends. At midnight he had not yet come home. His mother stayed awake until she heard him return and go into the bathroom. When after half an hour he had not come out she went to the door. It was locked.

"What are you doing in there such a long time? Are you all right?" she asked.

She could hear him breathing but he did not answer her.

Then she said, "Open the door. If you're drunk I'll help you to bed and your father won't know."

It was the shrill voice of a girl who answered her from behind the door. It said, "Stupid woman, your son is not drunk. I am using his body. From now on don't call me son, but daughter, for I am a girl in a boy's body."

The laughter that followed sounded so devilish that it terrorized Mrs. Delarte, who ran for her husband. He broke down the door of the bathroom and there was his beloved son, laughing maliciously at him . . . with the voice of a woman.

They naturally consulted a psychiatrist but he diagnosed the situation as a nervous breakdown. He suggested that the boy be put into a hospital in Berreshid for treatment. He had been there two months, still talking with a woman's voice, when M. Delarte first visited Dr. Natalie Monat.

It was about four months later when Delarte came to the office again, with his wife. When the doctor asked about his son she was told that after his last visit he had taken his son home from the hospital. Then an odd thing happened. The man who tutored his son (called the Fquih in Moroccan culture) recognized the strange language the female had been speaking through his son as ancient Moroccan or Egyptian. The Fquih knew the old language and he engaged the girl in conversation. She told him she

had lived many years before and died at the age of 18. But she wanted to have a complete earth life and always sought for a young body so she could live a long span of years. When she came upon the Delarte boy, his own spirit was loosely anchored in his body because of a few drinks and his fright that his father would be angry that he was out so late.

The Fquih reproved the girl, telling her that what she was doing was cruel, that she was going against God's will, and that for her own sake she should get out of the young man's body and return to the spiritual existence Allah had imposed on her. To this the demon laughed and yelled, "Never! Never!"

An old woman known as a witch was then sent for. She told the Delartes to pray with her. She chalked a big circle on the floor around the spot where the son was seated. He tried and tried but was unable to step outside the circle and the girl inside him screamed with rage. The witch talked to the girl in modern Moroccan, ordering her in the holy name of Allah to leave the Delarte boy's body. Then she said some magical words, but the girl continued to scream wildly and hysterically, "No! Never! I shall never leave this body!"

Then the boy turned ashy pale and fell on the floor, his arms and legs flailing, and he was breathing heavily. The father feared his son was dying and he moved toward the witch to have her stop what was going on. But the Fquih held him back, saying, "Wait! It will soon be over!"

The girl emitted a bloodcurdling scream, a howl of rage and despair, and then the boy lay still. After that he returned to consciousness, sat up and looked at them in amazement, and asked in his own natural voice, "Why am I sitting here on the floor? What is the matter? What are you staring at me for?"

Chapter XI

SILENT CULEBRA!

In Jewish folklore the wandering soul of a dead person who enters the body of someone living on earth and takes possession is called a "dybbuk." In his autobiography, *Ghetto-Dämmerung*, Jacob Fromer, a Russo-Polish Jew, tells about an instance in a Polish ghetto in which he was personally involved. A big, strong peasant girl named Esther had been taken over by a deceased man of great Talmudic learning who had committed suicide. The people of the village knew the scholar, and when Esther began to declare herself to be him, speaking in a harsh, rough man's voice, they recognized it as exactly like the voice of the deceased man.

When asked what had happened after his death, the scholar, speaking through Esther, told a sad story. He had wandered for a time, but then felt he could no longer remain without habitation and so he entered into a pig. That had not been too bad, but the pig was slaughtered and he passed into a horse. There he had a very poor time, for it was a draught-horse which had to work hard, received many blows, and never had enough to eat. At length he decided to try to enter into a human. He watched for someone who might be able to accept his intrusion, and one day the situation with Esther became propitious. He followed her to a secret rendezvous spot where she occasionally went to meet a young man. Watching for the moment when she abandoned herself to the youth's embraces, at that instant the dybbuk entered into her body.

Fromer says, "He ended his narrative by begging not to be driven out; in life and after death he had suffered so greatly that they should have pity on him and grant him a little rest."

But what about poor disheveled, agitated Esther? Who

would think of her happiness now? The rabbi. He came to her rescue with an exorcism; but the entity within the girl fought violently to remain there. He even had the effrontery to attack the rabbi. Strong men held the girl who exhibited demoniacal fury; but eventually she collapsed with a terrible cry and became unconscious. At that moment a noise was heard at the window as if it had been struck by a small stone. Everyone rushed toward it and discovered in one pane a hole the size of a pea through which aperture they proclaimed that the spirit had escaped. The girl was relieved of the possession from then on. Fromer says he found it difficult to believe what had happened; but he had to accept what he saw with his very own eyes.

The word dybbuk is frequently taken to mean that the spirit of a dead lover has entered his girl. There was a Broadway show in recent years with this as its theme. This idea interests me particularly because of a young woman I met who believes she has the dybbuk of her dead sweetheart within her. He is not the angrily possessing Jewish lover of tradition. He is instead a pleasant spirit who has entered his love and lives within her and makes her happy—as she never was happy before.

The principal witness for this curious union is the long poem that they have written together, "Silent Culebra!" Its refrain is:

> My Love my only Love
> Went down into the middle
> Of my Earth
> Moved a Mountain,
> Moreover, for me!

The case has been a puzzle to me—a clue here, a clue there. I believe I have finally worked it out, and it is discovered not to be evidential in any way. Nonetheless, it fascinates me now even more than it did when I was putting the clues together. The enigma for me was in the large file of manuscript given me by an attractive woman named Marguerite in San Antonio, Texas, in the spring of 1969. She had read an article in the newspaper about my visit there and contacted me.

After she gave me a brief review of her reasons for believing that her body was now shared with the spirit of her dead lover, I expressed a willingness to read the poem that was the result of this union. The manuscript, when I received it, contained some 40 pages of poetry, none of which was in the least self-explanatory. The prose pages which were interspersed among the poetry gave fragmentary information about the background situation that existed before her sweetheart died, but it hardly solved the puzzle of it all. It took much time and effort to peruse this and fit the morsels of data into any kind of consecutive sequence chronologically. Yet from it all I gleaned the following story:

There is a thoroughfare in San Antonio called the Culebra Road. Culebra is Spanish for snake and is pronounced Ku-lay-bra. Overlooking this road is a house in which lives Marguerite, a rather charming 38-year-old woman who looks about 25. Of German-French descent, she could be the model for a portrait of Joan of Arc for she is large-boned but graceful, with beautiful, creamy, country-girl skin.

I am a Woman!
Diamonded in a thirty-eight year blast in the furnace

All around me is a tired world
I alone seem to be made of rock.

Woman Rock, though I am sinuous soft
Even my children in their youthfulness

Are not as strong as I in my middle years.
I am rock hard; hard-muscled; tender

Inner-muscled me
Who can match my strength?

How did Marguerite grow so strong? On a farm. This clue comes from another part of the saga:

For I am of the Earth; the earth in me
sings to me only my eternity

In following the furrows of my father's plow
that knowledge was born in me somehow

And my allegiance declared before I was eleven
denied a Heaven roofing me; daring all on Darwin

Deeming my chastity a waste
and never knowing why I was chaste.

While cotton fields and finely honed hoes
swinging down unending rows

Bred me and I brought country eyes to town,
seas of bluebonnets, high skies, shifting sands

Bred me strong . . . for I learned to work
before I learned: Good looking girls . . . don't?

Now my hands hold a dozen trades:
carpenter, cook, seamstress, sculptress, barber

And I can pat a baby to sleep
slaked and replete on my own full breast

Knowledge is in my hands, a full woman's hands,
In my heart secrets of Nature

My heart till now, never knowing the Stature
of Love, True Love, moving Nature

Until my Love, my only Love, went down into the
middle of the *earth;* And moved a mountain,
Moreover, for me!

How can Marguerite write of herself thus? An introduction to the poem explained it. "I vow: That I will take this till now unread Manuscript and remove every word from it of Meekness and Humility, Lovely Virtues though they be. Let this book stand as of Today, a perfect

Paean to the Strength of Himself, Who did Overcome Death Itself . . . As it is Just, Right and Fitting That He Who Sings, Sing Gloriously, of His Strength and of His Triumph!"

This woman is married and has children, but she held in her heart a romantic secret love for another man for ten years. She had walked into the store he owned and it was love at first sight. But he, too, was married, so they were aware of each other only at a distance from then on. Finally, in the summer of 1967, they had a rendezvous under the oak trees dripping with gray Spanish moss in San Antonio's San Pedro Park.

They were both so excited over the prospect of this finally inevitable secret meeting that neither of them slept more than a wink the night before. So "we were both so sleepy! We could hardly be coy with each other. . . . Under such conditions we were absolutely truthful." Their discussion evolved around the question of whether or not to have an affair. She had honestly gone there to submit to him.

"All I'd had on my mind was a love affair . . . fickle and sleazy as that sounds . . . but it was the truth and I stuck by that truth. He wouldn't have it! He was so far above me in plain old morals; I shudder to think of the impression I left with him. He kissed me once . . . then asked me if I could still have children! This one question put a wholly new slant on the entire meeting! I honestly was sent into a state of wonder. The loveliness and totally unexpectedness of the question! He wanted me to have his children! It must be legitimate . . . or nothing at all . . . he made that clear!"

After their first meeting in the park they went into a state of truce. She waited for him to call her, to start the affair that was all she expected from their encounter. But he did not call. Every day she listened for the phone to ring, but, "Nothing. He never would have gotten in touch with me again. I know this *now* . . . but I was not about to lose this battle!"

She lived within ten blocks of the store he owned and operated successfully, but she would not go to him. "Ten blocks away . . . and I had to write him! I couldn't brazen my way into his business." And so she started to write to him, simply because of her need for "communication with

him . . . the urgency . . . the necessity."

"When he hadn't phoned me for several weeks I sent two small very apt comic strips . . . no message, no name, but he knew who sent them . . . and they moved him to call me. The balance I'd looked for all my life was reached. I started an intense war of words, and he loved it all! I pursued him shamelessly on paper." In the polishing of one small note she would write and rewrite sometimes for days. She sent him her ragged little poems and he'd call and tell her how much they meant to him. "Delirium on my part to hear it! No, he was not stringing me along. He was not just having fun at a foolish female's expense. He was deadly serious. He did not love his wife, said so frankly, and was going to have me on his terms . . . only all or nothing at all. I shrank from going to see him, but was utterly fascinated into using any other way to charm him that I could. He just sat there and enjoyed me."

They had always been able to read each other's minds, she said. "I'd be morosing around my house deep in doldrums, and he'd pick the precise moment to call me that saved me from jumping into the creek. I built up quite a sexual thing, and his voice alone on the phone could unhinge me, positively!

"Looking back on all this I will say one thing that sounds as if I were laying the blame on him. He had been the first one to contact me. Long before we met in the park that day. Before any notes had passed. I'd been standing on a ladder pulling wallpaper off the ceiling—I'm a carpenter, remember?—and thinking of him, for no reason. The fact stands out, I was on the ladder thinking of him intensely . . . and he called me! On a trumped-up excuse I saw through immediately. And I danced through the day. This was the pattern of our exchange, then: He called, I wrote, he called back. When I needed him, he answered me."

One day, at the very beginning, Marguerite said to him, "There is a door in me open to you." And he replied, "I'm going to walk through that door some day."

There came a time, however, when he did not telephone her. In her last letter to him she had asked his advice about another man who had been ardently pursuing her. How could she discourage him gently? The usual call did not arrive in response. Days went by and the phone did not

ring. She felt neglected and tried to put her one and only true love out of her heart. Instead, she weakened and dropped him another note. It said, "It's just no use. I'm going to have to come in to see you."

Shortly after he received this she walked into his store for the first time in months, and the last time in her life. When she entered he took her to the back of the room and proceeded to examine her very closely in the strong daylight that came through the window. All he could say over and over again was, "You're beautiful! You're beautiful!" Had he almost forgotten in those five months since they had met in the park what she was really like? Now he told her she looked like his mother, and there is no greater compliment. He kissed her unexpectedly, catching her by surprise, and he vowed never again to neglect her.

She said, "Please, just communicate with me. I must communicate with you, constantly, or I'll die." And he has! He made her a promise that day to be in touch with her constantly from then on. He also made her promise that she would get a divorce and marry him.

The next day he died, suddenly, of a bee sting.

And as God was the Witness, Then and Now, O Earth, HEAR!

In That Moment a bee stung my Love; *brought him here*!

And I am of the Earth; the earth in me
forsook me not; and gave him to me!

O My Love! My Dear One! My Good Man! Whose Prayer
was also answered! *Chose* to go down into the middle of me!

Down into the middle of my earth; to have me, to hold
me, and never to leave me, for all of Heaven's gold!

How can she be sure he is there? She sees him looking out of her eyes. The very same look that he gave her when she visited him in the store, she now finds in her own eyes when she faces the mirror. Also, she says, "He presses his

ideas on mine—superimposes them. I don't think his thoughts. He gives me what he thinks I need. I'm a very sensitive person, knowing myself first. I'm deliberate in myself now. I know when a new thing is in me, and a new thing *is* in me . . . and it is him."

Sometimes now he causes her to do things she did not plan to do, even to purchase an item she did not think of wanting, which later proves useful. She takes steps and goes places without her own thoughts guiding her to do so. She does not have his memories, but she has discovered that a few unusual tastes have cropped up. One is for banana cream pie, which she never cared about before. Now she has even instructed her daughter how to make it, carefully cutting the bananas lengthwise on top of the pudding—not at all the way she would have thought to do it herself.

The best evidence—if such it is—that he is with her is this long and completed poem, written through the hand of a woman who was not a poet and in a style she had never previously attempted to write. She is in love with the poem, as she also is in love with the invisible spirit she believes to have written it through her.

I've thought a thousand thoughts
till the thing thinks itself

When evening falls on silent Culebra
my duty done . . .

And that which was meant to become clear COMES STRONG!
And comes strongly and clearly a new ME!

The TWO OF US, WHO STAND HERE NOW AND LAUGH AT OUR MYSTERY!
It was all; it was all meant to be

And my Love, my only Love, went down into the middle of the earth
And moved this mountain, Moreover, for me!

Chapter XII

WITCHES!

Witchcraft claims to be the world's oldest religion. It is also one of the newest, as far as current rediscovery is concerned. Witches are so prevalent today among some strata of young people that it is only because the cults prefer to remain underground that the extent of their numbers is not more generally known. The interest started with hippies and flower children who dug witchcraft particularly because they could make drug-taking an integral part of the ceremonies. Many college students are now giving it a whirl as one more of their attempts to find meaning to life. The widest tendency today is to attempt to emulate the original Wica, or Wise Ones, and practice white (or good) magic. Yet there is also a certain amount of black sorcery going on as well. If you are thinking of taking up witchcraft, I recommend sticking with the better elements. Black is not beautiful where witchcraft is concerned.

Witches believe they possess mysterious powers which, if they perform certain acts, enable them to control the laws of nature. They have a system of deliberate techniques by which they produce the desired effects. Dancing nude in a circle is, therefore, not just for fun and frolic, but is part of a ceremony designed to produce definite ESP reactions.

Black witches are said to use their ceremonies and rituals in attempts to bring forth demons who can put curses on people, kill their enemies, and otherwise inflict illness and harm on the world. White witches use similar ceremonies (enormously cleaned up and dedicated to their own hierarchy of gods and goddesses) to send healing, to make love potions, and to do good generally.

Witchcraft can be traced back to pre-Christian times . . . in fact, back to the Bronze Age for that matter. It appears

to have been the ancient religion of Western Europe. The practices and rites of modern witches relate to the ancient ceremonies of the Druids, and some of today's generation claim to be descended in a straight line from these early Celtic Wise Ones. It has generally been understood that their powers were hereditary and that the craft runs in some families. In former days many children were brought up as witches; and I know of some families in America and Canada who are so raising their offspring today.

The thing that did the most to dampen people's enthusiasm for witchcraft was the Inquisition. Before that time it was more an approved religious practice than a dreaded secret cult, but as Christianity began to flourish, it had to go into hiding. When the papacy became firmly established, the priests treated witchcraft as a hated rival and tried to persecute it out of existence, for in the Church's scholastic conception of demonology, a witch was not a woman but a demon. It must be remembered that magic was generally and widely accepted in those days. Everyone believed that the world was surrounded by unseen powers and spirits, either good or bad; and incantations and rites were used to propitiate them. Witches were presumed by the Church to be in contact with evil spirits only; and thus even the good magic they made for healing purposes was a curse because it was done by pact with the devil.

From the 13th to 17th centuries the Inquisition conducted the most vicious possible scourge against the devil and his demons, to such an appalling extent that they may have slain as many as nine million persons under the presumption that they were witches. The case made against them was very compelling, most especially when the objects of the persecution and torture confessed to the most heinous activities. During the witch hunts men and women were tortured, hanged, or burned at the stake on such slight cause that if a man's cow ran dry, if his child had a fit, if his wife had an unaccountable pain, or even if his fowls got the pip, he could accuse any enemy of causing it by his spells. Whatever wild tale a citizen chose to invent and bear witness to against an alleged witch was acceptable as evidence in a court of law.

One of the tools of the inquisitors that caused a fantastic

amount of damage was the *Malleus Maleficarum,* or *Witches' Hammer,* a book purporting to know the inner workings of witches' minds and to report the little-known facts about their ceremonies and rituals. In 1484 two Dominican monks, Heinrich Kramer and Jacobus Sprenger, published the first edition of this work, which has been described as the "most prominent, the most important, the most authoritative volume in the vast literature of witchcraft." It is probably at the same time almost all fiction and little fact. Nonetheless, it is the book that served generations of inquisitionists as a handy manual for sending hundreds of thousands of innocent women to their deaths at the stake.

In *From Medicine Man to Freud* Dr. Jan Ehrenwald says, "The *Malleus Maleficarum* is an amazing document inflated by the scholarly pretensions of the fanatical zeal of its authors. On many pages it reveals more than that: their sadistic hostility toward women, which can only be understood as the manifestation of an underlying personality disorder. But over and above the hidden motivation of the authors, the *Malleus Maleficarum* reflects the spirit of their times." It shows that even at the height of the Renaissance and at the threshold of the Reformation, such a conflict between paganism and Christianity—between magic and a more enlightened monotheistic outlook—was possible.

In order for us to be aware of the terrible results of that book, we have only to read a few pages from it and observe the actual convictions that were prevalent at that time. Since people really believed what it said, no wonder they did not care to encourage any of the Weird Sisters in their midst. The *Witches' Hammer* asks, "What, then, are the evil things witches, in cooperation with the devil, can bring about?" And it answers: "They range from the practice of black magic to corrupting man's mind so as to betray his Christian faith. They may cause illness, mental and physical. And they may, above all, entice man to indulge in all sorts of sexual deviations. The witches themselves are the chief perpetrators of such crimes; they copulate with devils and other demons and are capable of begetting children with them. In any case, the root of the evil lies in

man's carnal desires, or, anatomically speaking, in his—or her—privy parts."

In the practices of this abominable evil, the book says, four points in particular are required: "First, most profanely to renounce the Catholic faith, or at any rate to deny certain dogmas of the faith; secondly, to devote themselves body and soul to all evil; thirdly, to offer up unbaptized children to Satan; fourthly, to indulge in every kind of carnal lust with incubi and succubi and all manner of filthy delights. . . ."

Devils did not turn themselves into incubi and succubi because of the pleasure they achieved from it, according to the *Hammer,* "but chiefly it is with this intention: that through the vice of luxury they may work a twofold harm against men, that is, in body and in soul, that so men may be more given to all vices." It was believed that children could be generated by these demon lovers.

I have always maintained that reports of orgiastic ceremonies that were recorded in the days of witch hunts were most probably exaggerations. When those poor men and women were being subjected to torture, they would, I am sure, have admitted to the wildest kinds of sexual orgies they could possibly dream up, involving devils, demons, animals, or anything else about which the drooling inquisitors desired to hear. I suspected that little of this had actually occurred outside of imaginations inflamed by the torturers' tools of agony.

Yet Aldous Huxley, after his voluminous research for *The Devils of Loudun,* describes such debauches as if they were actually quite popular in those times. He says:

"At all high Sabbaths the devil himself was invariably present, in the person of some man who had inherited, or otherwise acquired, the honor of being the incarnation of the two-faced god of the Dianic cult. The worshippers paid homage to the god by kissing his reverse face—a mask worn, beneath an animal's tail, on the devil's backside. There was then, for some at least of the female devotees, a ritual copulation with the god who was equipped for this purpose with an artificial phallus of horn or metal." These Sabbaths (or Sabbats, as they are more usually called) were celebrated out of doors, near sacred trees or stones, and so

the ceremony was invariably followed by a picnic, then by dancing, and finally by a ribald sexual orgy. This, no doubt, had originally been a magical ritual for increasing the fertility of the animals on which primitive hunters and herdsmen depended for their livelihood. "The prevailing atmosphere at the Sabbaths was one of good fellowship and mindless, animal joy. When captured and brought to trial, many of those who had taken part in the Sabbath resolutely refused, even under torture, even at the stake, to abjure the religion which had brought them so much happiness."

If there were any real witches in America during the witch hunts here, little is known about them. But the trials themselves were very real and very terrible, illustrating perfectly what can happen when the members of a community all go berserk at once. In 1692 the Reverend Samuel Parris and his family came from the West Indies to live in the small town of Salem, Massachusetts. He was accompanied by several slaves, one of whom was Tituba, whose vivid imagination started all the trouble. While telling stories of Voodoo and witchery to nine-year-old Elizabeth Parris and her little friends, Tituba was setting the stage for the execution of 20 members of the community, one of whom was herself.

Once, after listening to a harrowing witch tale, Elizabeth threw a fit. Her friends joined in, falling on their hands and knees and growling and spitting. When a doctor was summoned, Elizabeth bit him on the ankle. He was not hurt, but he was horrified. "These children are bewitched!" he cried.

The Reverend Mr. Parris was no less superstitious, and he gave the children an opportunity to put the finger on the ones who had bewitched them. They accused Tituba and two other women of the community, a 70-year-old beggar named Sarah Good and a bed-ridden cripple named Sarah Osburn. With no more than this foolishness from the children as a starter, the whole community, so frightened by the idea of witchcraft that they lost control, began a mad hunt for anyone they could accuse of using magic. During the trials at least 150 persons were arrested. Thirty-one men and women were sentenced to death and 19 were

actually hanged. One poor man was pressed to death between two heavy stones.

Because of the wild pogroms that can occur when ordinarily normal citizens become sufficiently alarmed and aroused, one can hardly blame the young people of today who decide to take up this activity for being a bit secretive about it. Neither can one censure the young for seeking new answers to old questions, longing for rituals and ceremonial rites that make them feel a part of something big and important, and turning to creeds that are different from those with which they have been familiar.

Witches have always been active in primitive cultures, and they are probably still as busy as ever. Modern anthropologists are continually amazed at the occasions of natives dying for no known cause. This is because the afflicted one firmly believes that witchcraft is being practiced on him in the form of a bone pointed at him or a doll made in his likeness. When the doll is pierced with pins, or otherwise mistreated, he feels pains in the corresponding areas of his own body. Unless he can find the witch and the doll and dispose of them, he will surely die. And die he does, no matter how much the sophisticated anthropologist assures him that it is all in his mind. Witch doctors are the only living persons who have enough secret magic to combat the spells of a witch. No wonder they are still popular with natives.

I wish it might be possible to discover how many unaccountable deaths today in, just as an example, New York City, might actually be caused by witchcraft. Yes, I think such deaths do occur—if the recipient of the treatment believes it possible for a curse to kill. Several stories on this theme, told me by modern witches, were published in my book *Today's Witches*, published in 1970 by Prentice-Hall. The people who told me about using witchcraft to put a curse on an enemy were reformed "black" witches making confessions about their past misconduct. Most of the witches I know, however, are "white." They are very pleasant, agreeable individuals who seldom use their abilities to harm others or to "send them to hell in a basket."

A charming young man I knew in Coral Gables, Florida,

preferred to be called a witch, although the prevailing idea is that men in the cult like to be called warlocks. This youth was so accustomed to having ESP experiences in connection with his rituals that he took them very lightly when they occurred spontaneously. In fact, according to him, they were so normal that he sometimes did not even notice them.

His girl friend Lee was occasionally surprised by visits from him during his sleep, I understand. Once she had help from him that apparently kept her from being robbed, although Bob, being asleep, remembered nothing about his own participation.

That night, instead of making an actual astral visit, Bob apparently telephoned Lee in his sleep. At least, the girl was sleeping and she thought she heard the bedside extension ring and answered it. It was Bob, who told her, "Shut the back door onto the patio. You left it unlocked."

Lee got out of bed and walked into the living room where her daughter Linda was still up. She fussed at Linda for not answering the phone, but her daughter said it hadn't rung. Lee walked back and checked the doors to the patio, finding that they were indeed open. She locked them carefully, then returned to bed and to sleep.

The next morning two of the glass jalousies on that patio door were broken, revealing that someone had tried to break into the house during the night. Fortunately, because of the warning Lee had received in her sleep from her witch friend Bob, her home had been protected.

Chapter XIII

BLACK MAGIC

Of course, as Richard Cavendish says in *The Black Arts*, "No one is a black magician in his own eyes." Few sinister "Brothers of the Lefthand Path" are likely to confess that they practice black magic, because they are so confused in their thinking that to them black is white. Aleister Crowley, whom Cavendish terms "the most notorious and most brilliantly gifted of modern magicians," professed nothing but contempt for black magicians; yet he was widely regarded as a sorcerer of the most repugnant kind, and his rituals were saturated with sex and blood.

Crowley knew he was referred to as "The Wickedest Man in the World," but he was more inclined to think of himself as a man who practiced the profoundest secrets of life to a more remarkable degree than anyone else. His bad reputation was not ill-founded, nonetheless. A perusal of his own writings reveals that. His references to the sexual magic used in his rites, and the excesses of every kind in which he admittedly indulged, prove him to have been indeed without morals. The fact that Crowley undoubtedly had satyriasis in addition to his devil worship and drug addiction inclines one to believe that his own name for himself—The Beast 666, the blasphemous beast described in the Book of Revelation—was not far wrong.

I would not here be dealing with Aleister Crowley, for all his peculiar interest, except for the fact that he also seems to have managed to produce ESP in some of his magical ceremonies. He probably was naturally gifted with a large amount of psychic ability, and his mystical activities encouraged its growth and development. He is said to have dreamed of his father's death before it occurred, and he had premonitions that turned out as he expected. Later he forecast astrologically many events that

came true, including World War II, which arrived right on schedule as he had announced it would if his commands were not followed.

Because the use of narcotics constituted a major part of his experience and was an integral aspect of his magical ceremonies, those who participated with him became as hooked on drugs as he was, and they frequently had hallucinations and visions. Occasionally these manifestations had genuine psychic overtones and produced veridical information, so Crowley's magic wasn't all just hocus pocus dominocus.

Witches and magicians, with all their incantations and ceremonials, have a way of producing ESP that is probably, because of the intensity of their concentration, quite a lot more spectacular than we willingly admit. The power of words, when reiterated under proper conditions, can be highly significant. Richard Cavendish points out that forceful words, impressively spoken and backed by authority, have a powerful reaction on those who hear them. If the sound of certain words affects human beings as it does, the same sounds energetically uttered by a magician are thought to affect the forces of the universe. In magical theory the real name of a god or an idea contains the essence of that god or idea and therefore enshrines its power. When the name is spoken this power is turned on automatically. As the magician chants these names he works himself up into a state of ecstatic frenzy, intoning words which roar and beat and swell and reverberate; and sometimes this very power generated seems to produce psychical phenomena.

The kind of man who could take black magic seriously and use it for his own purposes had his origins in a small boy who hated his strict and religiously fanatical parents. His own mother was the one who first applied the name Beast to him. Edward Alexander Crowley was born in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, October 12, 1875. His father was a brewer who left him a fortune when he died; but young Crowley went through it with astonishing rapidity. Early in his childhood he discovered that reading descriptions of torture, blood, and agony stirred him

strangely. He would sometimes beg his cousin to be mean and cruel to him, to hurt and torture him. He was always searching for something that would answer the strange feelings and yearnings inside him; he was eventually to find it in drugs and sex.

An infamous report from his boyhood involved his killing a cat. In *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley* he discusses this incident, and whitewashes it as he does every other aspect of his life. There was nothing sadistic about his experiment with the cat, we now learn. He was actually a precocious youth who got carried away by his scientific zeal. An exceedingly tender-hearted 14-year-old, he nonetheless felt it imperative to learn the truth about the adage that a cat has nine lives. With his usual tendency to do things thoroughly he gave it arsenic, chloroformed it, hung it, stabbed it, cut its throat, smashed its skull, and, when it had been pretty thoroughly burnt, drowned it and threw it out of the window that the fall might remove its ninth life. He remembers that he was genuinely sorry for the animal; he simply forced himself to carry out the experiment in the interest of pure science.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, Edward changed his name to Aleister, wrote fairly good poetry, and began to realize that he had a genuine talent for magic. He was a handsome young man with hypnotic eyes, a painter, a chess champion, and a brilliant talker when he was in the mood. After leaving college he became a well-known mountaineer and world traveler. He was also asthmatic, and in an effort to control this condition he soon became addicted to heroin and almost all other known drugs.

The witch Sybil Leek, who knew Aleister Crowley as a young man, gives us a description of him in *Diary of a Witch*. He was then, she says, an individual with penetrating eyes and tremendous animal-like magnetism. "He was the most energetic man I have ever met," she writes, "and the speed of his conversation was only surpassed by his physical energy."

Witch Sybil says she owes Crowley much, if only because he was the first to reveal to her the wonders of poetry; for when she was a child they used to take hikes

through the woods together and he recited his poems to her. She was "shocked later in life to read in newspapers that this remarkable man was called 'the most evil man in the world,' and that his name was never mentioned in so-called nice society." And yet she admitted that even then, "He would go into a terrible temper when he talked about how the world misunderstood him, and then he would laugh in a devil-may-care manner and make sarcastic remarks about newspaper reporters and the pettiness of people in general."

As to his appearance, we have a description by a reporter from *The World* magazine: "At times I have seen him look seventy, and at times barely twenty-five. His looks change seemingly at will. Now he is a priest-like old man; now apparently a somewhat effeminate youth with soft, plump hands and heavy, womanish face . . . The most striking thing about Crowley's appearance is the horn-like lock of hair that stands on his broad, high forehead. Sometimes he parts it in two and then it looks for all the world like a symbol of satanism."

For much of his adult life, however, he wore his head shaved.

The magnetic smell of Aleister Crowley was caused by the sex-appeal ointment with which he smeared himself. It was made up of one part ambergris, two parts musk, and three parts civet—aphrodisiacs which contributed to his attraction for women. He appealed to horses, too. He said that when he passed along the street they whinnied after him.

When Crowley became interested in practicing magic, he soon took over the leadership of the most active group he could find, crowding out the previous head magician. He based his new order on the Knights Templars who were at that time reported to have gone in for Satanism, denying Christ and spitting on the cross. They were also said to have given one another the "obscene kiss" and practiced other unnatural vices. Whether or not this was actually true of the Templars, Crowley thought it was. If this order had indulged in such horrible practices and had made them a part of its religious ritual, then, The Beast thought, its

members had indeed arrived at true wisdom. So he copied them.

Later, after he had learned a lot about magic, he was able to succeed in calling demons to his home—but at a household he established in Scotland they got out of hand. As a result his usually sober coachman went into delirium tremens; his housekeeper ran off and never returned; one of the workmen went mad and tried to knife him, a butcher accidentally killed himself, and a clairvoyant he had brought from London fled back there and became a prostitute. She could have had the same fate, for that matter, had she stayed with Crowley.

Women were always drawn to Aleister Crowley as a bird is drawn to a snake. This analogy was apparently his own, for he eventually had his front teeth filed to a point so that he could bite through the lip of a girl he kissed—like a viper. He had a low opinion of all women and treated them accordingly; and they loved it. He always had a wife or a mistress and several concubines, usually concurrently. He called his mistresses his Scarlet Women, or Whores of the World, and they felt the titles to be an honor. Something about the cruel treatment he gave females made them want to degrade themselves for him, and they did it gladly and constantly. Eventually he began to brand all his women with "the mark of The Beast," a large circle with appropriate inscriptions burned on their chests with a hot sword.

As an example of the lengths to which a woman would go for him, observe the Solemn Oath of Alostrael—his name for Scarlet Woman Leah Faesi:

I dedicate myself wholly without stint to the Great Work.
I will raise myself in pride:
I will follow Ra-Hoor-Khuit in His way:
I will work the work of wickedness:
I will kill my heart:
I will be loud and adulterous:
I will be covered with jewels and rich garments:
I will be shameless before all men:

I, for token thereof, will freely prostitute my body to the lusts of each and every Living Creature that shall desire it:
I claim the title Mystery of Mysteries, BABALON the Great and the Number 156, and the Robe of the Woman of Whoredoms and the Cup of Abominations:

Witness mine Hand,

Alostrael

Leah Faesi bore him several children and was one of his most active partners in sexual magic. She also acted as his secretary and took down his dictation for manuscripts of his books. She became as addicted to drugs as The Beast, so it is hardly any wonder that she had hallucinations from time to time. What is curious is that Alostrael occasionally had precognitive visions that came true, indicating that she had somehow reached a genuine psychic state. In fact, she went into trances and brought Crowley what he believed to be information from the spirit world. Crowley never married Leah, but she lasted with him for many years.

He had only two legal wives. His first was Rose Kelly whom he married in 1903. She was a lovely girl who was soon addicted to drugs and alcohol, practiced the magical sex rites with him, became a mystic and saw visions, and ended up an alcoholic in a mental institution. He divorced her. Much later in life he married again, a woman named Maria who suffered much the same fate as Rose.

After travel in the Orient, Egypt, and the United States, Crowley was ready to settle down and start his own retreat for the serious purpose of bending the world to his demoniac vision. "And my house is going to be The Whore's Hell, a secret place of the quenchless fire of Lust and the eternal torment of Love," he declared. It was located in a vacant villa near Cefalu, a fishing village on the northern coast of Sicily. Called the Abbey of Thelema, the house was not large but it was adequate for the needs of the small group of his followers who accompanied him. Crowley immediately set about painting the inside walls of his Abbey to suit his interests and needs. The scenes

depicted every kind of sexual act in every conceivable position. Their aim, he pronounced, was to induce, through familiarity, indifference to, or forgetfulness about, sex.

Aleister spent his time painting and writing and indulging in the sexual magic to which he purported to be indifferent. Along with this he was smoking opium, sniffing cocaine, eating hashish, and on the side helping himself to liberal doses of laudanum, veronal, and anhalonium, which he introduced into Europe. The latter is known to us today as peyote, which has long been used by Indians of Central America, Mexico, and the western part of the United States in their religious ceremonies. It seems to be especially productive of extrasensory experiences. Aleister Crowley's appetite for and tolerance of drugs was phenomenal. He fought them for a time when he first realized they were sapping his strength, but eventually he gave up and admitted he was an addict. Then he set about promoting similar addiction among all his associates.

It is not surprising that The Beast occasionally reached the heights of manic intensity and ran screaming into the temple, all but insane. "He roared out words magical, names barbarous," English writer John Symonds reports, "and in an ecstasy performed his mysterious acts of sex magic." Little wonder that passing Sicilian peasants hastily crossed themselves and hurried home.

What was possibly a typical family evening around the Abbey occurred one April 20 when the sun entered the sign of Taurus. The Beast celebrated this event by doing his thing with both of his current whores, Sister Alostrael and Sister Cypris. In the middle of it, he reported in his records, a violent quarrel broke out between the women. Cypris, bursting into tears, snatched up a thin cloak to cover her nakedness and ran out into the rain and darkness. The Beast wandered about the mountainside looking for her, afraid she had fallen over the precipice. After calling her name for an hour (her little son Hermes helped by yelling from the Abbey window), he found her and dragged her back. Meanwhile Alostrael had been at the brandy and was now drunk. She greeted Sister Cypris with a curse and the fighting began again. With difficulty Crowley persuaded Cypris, Concubine Number Two, to go to bed. Then

Alostrael, as if to have the last word, began to vomit and throw a fit. Aleister started to read aloud to them, between puffs at his opium pipe, from one of the world's great religious books. Now Alostrael became insanely jealous. In disgust the man stopped arguing with her, reflecting that it was a waste of time to make love to a jealous woman, for she regarded his love as her right, not as a favor. The Beast concluded his report of the night's events with, "Never dull where Crowley is."

And yet when he wrote about his retreat to the Abbey of Thelema in his *Confessions*, one would have thought of it as merely a delightful interlude at a little health farm where everyone felt much better physically . . . almost everyone. It was a place where there was so much constructive work to keep the inmates busy that there was neither time nor incentive to think of sex. Those rude persons who carried from there tidings of orgies and debauchery were completely misguided; and that man who had the effrontery to die there was in exceedingly bad taste.

Not everyone returned from there with recriminations. Mary Butts and Cecil Maitland reported in Paris many wonderful spectacles they had seen at Cefalu. One was a performance of sex magic where the nude magician, his body adorned with nothing except amulets and chains, allowed his women to perform unnatural sex acts on his body, while at the same time a goat—not The Beast 666 but a real goat, symbol of regenerative power—was possessing the Scarlet Woman. Immediately afterward, the Beast cut the animal's throat so that its blood spurted all over Alostrael's fair white back.

It is not particularly mentioned that Mary Butts had participated in any of the acts of sex magic, but Crowley had praised her clairvoyant capacity. Her visions of blue lights impressed him, although that is rather routine for anyone developing psychic abilities, so it is curious that it was singled out for comment. She also on one occasion envisioned a huge Assyrian Bull demon, and this excited The Beast tremendously. Cecil Maitland, her companion, was said to have heard voices from the spirit world. Intrigued as they apparently were with the Abbey and its activities, Butts and Maitland nonetheless left after only

three months, permanently injured in health and turned on to drugs.

The persons next to visit and become addicts because of their stay at the Abbey were Betty May and her husband, Raoul Loveday. Crowley quickly became convinced that Loveday was the pupil he had hoped for "for the last ten years, a man with every gift that a Magus might need, and already prepared for initiation by practically complete knowledge, not only of the elements but of the essence of Magick."

Symonds says, "Between them they soon had a terrific magical current going, their wands flashed stars and many powerful demons were conjured up and ordered to do their bidding." Betty May discovered that Raoul was no longer married to her, but to The Beast. There is no doubt that Crowley, who was not only "ambisextrous" but, you might say, "omnisextrous," included Loveday into his rites of sex magic along with his whores.

Loveday had been forced to drink the blood of a cat killed as part of one ceremony. Both Raoul and Crowley were ill after that. The Beast thought it was Mediterranean fever. The local physician said it was an infection of the liver and spleen. Betty May, who was getting a bit fed up, thought it was cat's blood and drugs. Whatever it was, Crowley eventually got well. He then made a horoscope for Raoul and told him: "It looks as if you might die on the sixteenth of February at four o'clock." The obliging Loveday did exactly as predicted, even to the correct hour.

After her return to London, Betty May confessed her reservations about the Abbey and its beastly master to a variety of newspapers that made a big play of the story. This unfavorable publicity caused Crowley to be run off the island by Sicilian officials. His great practical manifestation of the teachings of the Law of Thelema interrupted, he retired to the desert once again, and here it was that he dictated his memoirs. His Scarlet Woman took down the entire huge volume in longhand.

Later he returned to Britain, where his life took on broader dimensions and he gained many new followers. He was soon at the peak of his fame, reveling now in his reputation as the Wickedest Man in the World. The

invocatory acts of sex magic continued to be the central ritual of his teachings as he acquired more and more adherents over the years. Although he never did anything to earn money, he always managed to live well, for someone would appear with the funds to support him. If it was not a wealthy mistress, it was a wealthy widow with aspirations to become one.

Crowley's own accounts of his psychical experiences, for which he holds the greatest interest for us, are a bit disappointing for one main reason: while he was critical of all mediums, whose "trickery" he invariably exposed, and all psychical researchers, who were "naive" and "easily hoodwinked," he seemed to feel it totally unnecessary to back up accounts of his personal experiences with any evidence. Although most of them were subjective, he wrote about them as factually as any other events of his life, and expected his readers to accept them because he said they occurred. He evidently had a good bit of natural psychic power, beginning in his youth when he had precognitive dreams about the deaths of both his parents; and it must have been strengthened by the disciplines he underwent in connection with his yoga research and his magic. One could wish, however, that he had included the attestations of the family with whom he took tea in an out-of-body state while he was actually on a train on the way to visit them.

Crowley felt that his great success as a mountain climber, of which there can be no possible doubt, was due in some cases to his clairvoyant knowledge of what was beyond the next peak or on the other side of a promontory.

In his description of magic, he deals with gods and demons and spirits all the time. Invoking them and talking to them became a matter of custom with him. The reader of his books learns to take such things for granted and does not question—any more than he questions any of Crowley's magic. After all, the great wizard may have been right when he said, ". . . science is always discovering odd scraps of magical wisdom and making a tremendous fuss about its cleverness!"

Neither Crowley's transgressions nor his excesses killed him. He died December 1, 1947, at the age of 72, of myocardial degeneration and chronic bronchitis. The

plump Pan with hypnotic eyes had long gone, says Symonds, and a strange, wicked-looking old gentleman had taken his place. He did not want to die, and as he passed into a coma the tears flowed down his white cheeks. His last words were : "I am perplexed."

It is nice to know that twenty years after his death Aleister Crowley finally achieved suitable distinction. His picture recently appeared, alongside Mae West, on the long-playing record album entitled *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—by none other than the Beatles!

Chapter XIV

VAMPIRES

I doubt if you're ever likely to run into a living example of our next guest, unless you go traveling in the Balkans; but just in case, I'll tell you a few stories about him and present a theory to explain him. Doing the research has not been easy. Vampires are so loathsome that it isn't edifying to read the reams of material published about them. After being conditioned by a living horror like Aleister Crowley, however, one finds it possible to cope with shadowy figures of folklore without too many qualms.

The vampire is traditionally, of course, a grisly ghoul, the dead body of a man of foul, gross, and selfish passions, who arises from his grave in the middle of the night, attacks people quietly sleeping in their beds, and destroys them by sucking all the blood from their bodies. Between these forays his own body lies peacefully in his coffin, rosy-cheeked and red-lipped, his hair and fingernails growing apace. He is quite comfortable in his secluded little nest until his supply of purloined blood is exhausted; then he makes another midnight raid for more red corpuscles. Men cannot deliver themselves from his horrible visitations until his identity is discovered, his grave located, his corpse dug up, and a sharp stake driven through his heart. Even then sometimes he continues to carouse until he has been disinterred and burned to ashes. Unfortunately, anyone killed by a vampire is supposed to become one himself, so a chain reaction sets in.

Historically there have actually been a few insane individuals who have been caught impersonating vampires. One famous and more than likely true tale comes from Hungary in 1610 and discloses that the spoiled and beautiful (and psychopathic) Countess Elizabeth Bathory

bathed habitually in the blood of young girls. Over the years her henchmen killed as many as 80 plump and sanguiferous housemaids for her ablutions. The Countess had begun, as any proper vampire should, by drinking human blood; but she grew to like it so much she wanted to wallow in it. Also, she had convinced herself that it was necessary in order to keep her cover-girl complexion soft, smooth, and lovable. Eventually surprised in her beauty bath by a raid of soldiers and gendarmes who had been alerted by suspicious villagers to try to locate the missing housemaids, she was condemned to life imprisonment in her own private suite in her castle.

It is of those more-than-likely fictitious entities who have been condemned to imprisonment in coffins buried in the earth and who desire suspended sentences that we must now speak. Vampires seem particularly to infest the legends of Slavonic countries and the islands of the Greek Archipelago. Writings of the Assyrians describe similar shady characters, as do those of Egypt and the ancient empire of China. There was a strange epidemic in England in the 12th century, and there have been several modern instances as well reported from England.

It is supposed that the idea of the vampire originally came from the vampire bat, which sucks blood from men and other warm-blooded animals. But these mammals inhabit the tropical and sub-tropical regions of South and Central America, so why they would have inspired local legends in the Balkans is not easy to understand. More acceptable would be the possibility that ghosts of the dead were mistaken for vampires.

In Greece, however, where a concept similar to the vampire is very widespread, there is a strong feeling that this is not under any circumstances a soul or spirit or ghost. It is the body of a dead person which comes back to life and it is called *vrykolakas*. Greek peasants, even today, are just as convinced as they were in days of yore that *vrykolakes* really exist. Such bodies, according to John Cuthbert Lawson in *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, do not, like those of other dead men, suffer decomposition after burial or turn to dust, but their skin becomes swollen and distended all over so that it is stretched like the parchment of a drum and when struck

gives out the same sound. Thus the name *vrykolakas*, which means drum-like.

In some areas it has been believed that the Devil entered such a body, and then issued from the tomb and walked about, knocking at doors, or committing crimes. There are also reports that a *vrykolakas* of a farmer may return and farm his land at night. Lawson says that many Greek writers have fallen into the error of comparing ancient ghost stories with modern tales about *vrykolakes*, without apparently recognizing the essential and fundamental difference between them. He says, "There is absolute unanimity among the Greek peasants in their belief that the corpse itself is the *vrykolakas*, and even the work of re-animating the corpse is generally credited not to the soul which formerly inhabited it, but to the Devil. Thus it appears that whereas most people believe to some extent in the return of the ghosts or spirits of the dead, the Greeks fear rather the return of their bodies."

There is a good story of a *vrykolakas* dating from before the days of the Christian religion in Greece. It was told by Phlegon, a freedman of Hadrian, who professed to have been an eyewitness of the occurrence he described. He said that a man named Demostratus and his wife Charito had lost their daughter Philinnion six months before the account begins. Yet one night the girl was observed by her old nurse in the guest chamber of their home. A visitor was there at the time, a young man named Machates who had just arrived and did not know anything about Philinnion or her recent death.

The nurse ran to Demostratus and his wife, but they could hardly believe her story. She convinced them they must come with her to observe what was going on. Machates and the girl had gone to bed in the meantime, and the parents, with all their peering, were unable to get a good look at her. They decided not to disturb their visitor that night, but to check the nurse's story the next day. The mother, however, did recognize the girl's clothing as her daughter's.

In the morning the girl was gone by the time her parents visited the guest room. Charito told Machates the complete story. He said he did not know the name of the young

woman who had been with him, but she had come for the last three nights, saying it was without her parents' permission. He showed Charito a gold ring he had been given and the breastband the girl had left behind on the previous night. They were definitely recognized by Charito. Great lamentation ensued in this unhappy home when it was realized that their daughter must have become a night wanderer from her grave.

Because the pretty young lady had behaved in a very normal manner, and had eaten and drunk and slept with him, Machates was positive she must be someone who had just robbed Philinnion's grave to get her personal articles. Nonetheless, he agreed to let her parents watch that night, in case she came again.

When Philinnion came her parents threw their arms around her and cried. But she apparently did not understand their lamentations. She told them, "It was wrong of you to begrudge me three days with this man here in my own home. I was doing no harm. It is by divine consent that I have done this." And then she suddenly reverted to being a corpse again and her body lay stretched out on the bed. The poor family had all the grief and all the expense of another funeral. This time her body was burned to ashes, while at the same time general purification rites were performed. Philinnion never made her appearance again after that.

It is hardly surprising to read further in the story that Machates committed suicide.

Lawson says that this early account ties in with contemporary cases reported of the *vrykolakas* as a modern man who revisits his widow at night after his death, or does violence to other women in their husband's absence. In the Middle Ages it was even thought by Greek peasants that *vrykolakes* could go to some other area where they were not known and marry and bear children.

Somewhat similar to this Greek character, but with a different word for it, is the Hungarian vampire, of whom Count Dracula is the prototype. Bram Stoker's popular novel *Dracula* and the dashing presence with whom we are familiar in movies and on television have given us the idea that somehow, while ghoulish, the vampire is also a little

bit sophisticated, and a tiny bit funny. Nothing could be farther from the concept of the night wanderer at his place of origin.

A very old instance from Hungary will illustrate that some stories about vampires are reputed to have been thoroughly investigated and corroborated. Because the individuals involved in this case were soldiers, the Imperial Council of War at Vienna had every detail looked into, and all the principal inhabitants of the town testified as to the truth of the story. The facts are said to be these:

A soldier, Arnold Paul, who lived in Medreiga, was killed when a cart of hay fell on him. About 30 days after his death four persons died suddenly with all the symptoms of having been dispatched by a vampire. It was then remembered that Arnold Paul had frequently told a story of having been tormented by a Turkish vampire. He had thought himself cured by eating some earth from the vampire's grave and by rubbing himself with its blood. This precaution apparently had not worked, for when his body was dug up 40 days after his burial, he was found to be fresh and ruddy, his hair, beard, and nails had grown, and his veins were full of fluid blood. Even after a stake was driven through his corpse, 17 people in the village died of vampirism. It was ultimately discerned that they had died from having fed upon beasts that had been killed by Arnold Paul.

Montague Summers in *The Vampire* speaks of the "psychic sponge" who is also a form of a vampire, but one more easy for us to comprehend and tolerate. Summers says, "Blood is the vital essence, and even without any actual sucking of blood there is a vampire who can—consciously, or perhaps unconsciously—support his life and reenergize his frame by drawing upon the vitality of others. He may be called a spiritual vampire. . . . Such types are by no means uncommon. Sensitive people will often complain of weariness and loss of spirits when they have been for long in the company of certain others, and Laurence Oliphant in his *Scientific Religion* has said: 'Many persons are so constituted that they have, unconsciously to themselves, an extraordinary faculty for sucking the life-principle from others, who are constitutionally incapable of retaining their vitality.' "

Breeders say that young animals should not be herded with old ones; doctors forbid young children sleeping in the same bed with aged persons. The Biblical story about King David illustrates this. When he was old and ailing and cold, his forces were reenergized by having a young maiden brought into closest contact with him so that he could draw upon her freshness and youth and vitality. The Bible made it a point to assure us that the king was too old for—well, sex. As it is tactfully put: "And the damsel was exceeding beautiful, and she slept with the king; and served him, but the king did not know her."

Dr. Franz Hartmann in a magazine called *Borderland,* July 1896, speaks of this same kind of psychic sponge, saying: "They unconsciously vampirize every sensitive person with whom they come in contact, and they instinctively seek out such persons and invite them to stay at their houses. I know of an old lady, a vampire, who thus ruined the health of a lot of robust servant girls, whom she took into her service and made them sleep in her room. They were all in good health when they entered, but soon they began to sicken, they became emaciated and consumptive and had to leave the service."

A doctor I know has agreed with this theory. He has mentioned that he had a patient who took so much out of him every time she came for a treatment that he felt drained and exhausted when she left. I guess many of us actually know people who give us that sort of reaction, but whether or not they could be called vampires is possibly debatable.

To finish off our night wanderers, let us have a story that neatly combines all the concepts into one. Montague Summers, whose repertoire of cases is immense, quotes a Chinese account that seems to tie in the idea of the *vrykolakas,* and the ghost, with the vampire.

In the year 1751 a courier, Chang Kuei, on his way from Peking with a most urgent government dispatch, found himself late one night outside the village of Liang Hsiang. A fierce storm arose, extinguishing his lantern; but fortunately he saw in the distance a small cottage to which he made his way. A young girl opened the door and graciously asked him in. She even gave him shelter for his horse in the stable. Then she agreeably admitted him to her

bed, after promising to send him on his way at dawn.

Many hours later the courier awoke, benumbed with cold, to find himself lying outstretched upon a tomb in a dense wood. His horse was tied to a tree beside him. And he was 12 hours late arriving at his destination. When asked what delayed him, he could see no use in dissemination, so he told the truth about his night's experience. Then he learned that there was a local legend in that place involving a common strumpet who had hanged herself in the woods some years before. Several persons had reported being led astray to enjoy her favors. They probably did not mind that enough to complain about it, but that waking up on a cold tomb in a dense forest was just beyond endurance. So after Chang Kuei's experience it was decided that her tomb should be opened. Her body was found therein perfectly preserved. She looked plump and rosy-cheeked, as if she were but in a soft slumber. They did not hesitate to disturb her, and after her body was burned the spot ceased to be haunted.

Creeping all through here has been the suggestion that ghosts, posing as vampires, could have been the real offenders. To some it has seemed a much more logical concept. It was, I think, Paracelsus, the famous alchemist, physician, scholar and scientist of the Middle Ages, who first published the theory that vampires were spirit entities and not the resurrected bodies of the dead. But whatever they were, he gave credence to them as legitimate supernatural agencies . . . and a force truly to be reckoned with.

Chapter XV

POLTERGEISTS

On Friday the thirteenth in the year 1761 Molly Giles, age 13, and her sister Dobby, age eight, were pinched and bitten on the legs. No dog was misbehaving, no human was mistreating them. Then what was it? For want of a better explanation we term it poltergeist activity. These children of Bristol, England, had been afflicted in this extraordinary manner for two weeks and Mr. Henry Durbin, said to be a very responsible citizen, went to investigate. While he was with the girls a wineglass came sailing through the house; but no human was in any position to have thrown it. Mr. Durbin, and others who were there, then witnessed events which he describes as follows:

"We saw the children pinched, and there were the impressions of finger nails in their flesh; but we could not see what did it. The children, however, said they saw the hand that pinched them. Then there was a loud knocking against the table, and I saw the chair in which Molly was sitting move and rock in such a way as almost to throw her out of it. Dobby cried out that she could see that hand gripping her sister's throat, and at the same time I, while not seeing the hand, saw the flesh at the side of her throat pushed in, whitish as if from the pressure of fingers. Her face grew red and then blackish, as if she was being strangled."

One might almost think that a vampire from our last chapter had become active in this household as Durbin continues: "Seven of us were in the room where the children were in their bed, when Molly said she was bitten in the arm, and presently Dobby cried out the same. We could see their arms with bite marks on them. We were looking at them all the time, as they lay on their backs in bed, with their arms outside the covers, and we were sure

that there was no possible way for them to be doing the biting on their own arms or their sister's. Yet we saw their arms bitten about twenty times that evening. We examined the bites each time and found on them the impression in the shape of a mouth of eighteen or twenty teeth marks, with saliva all over them."

While Henry Durbin was talking to Dobby she cried out that she was bitten in the neck. He says, "I looked and saw the mark of about eighteen teeth, and they were wet with spittle." It was at a spot on her neck where it would have been impossible for her to have caused such a mark herself; but what other explanation was possible? Because of the rest of the phenomena that also occurred in this house, such as rappings and the chair movement and other physical activities of that nature, we say this is a poltergeist case—but that does not really explain it, as I have said.

A poltergeist is called an invisible ghost by those who believe in such things as spirits. It is termed a manifestation of psychokinetic force by parapsychologists, who can usually discover an individual somewhere around who has emotional problems of one kind or another. This person, it is suggested, may have subconsciously been causing physical force to act in strange ways around him.

We are all familiar with the "House of Flying Objects" in Seaford, Long Island, in 1958, because it got so much publicity. Bottles popped their caps, vases and ashtrays flew through the house, and a variety of other eerie activities occurred. There have been many poltergeists active all over the world since then, and we hear about them in our newspapers from time to time. But each case is usually treated in press accounts as if it were the first time such a thing had ever happened. It is interesting that so little is widely known about these phenomena, even though they occur in such similar fashion everywhere and always have. It helps to show the genuineness of each individual case that they usually happen to people who never heard of such things before.

As Raymond Bayless, the California poltergeist enthusiast, points out in his book *The Enigma of the Poltergeist*, for which I had the pleasure of writing the Foreword, "Often witnesses I talked to were completely unaware of such a paranormal force, and really believed

that the phenomenon they had seen was unique and had never happened before.

"This factor, of course, greatly aids an investigation. When a witness is plainly unaware of both terms and subject, and his description of phenomena matches the pattern of other authentic examples, then the truth of his statements becomes highly probable and evident. A person not familiar with the descriptions and theories of poltergeist activity will have some difficulty inventing proper detail and may well give himself away."

For this reason it is not likely that many such reports have been invented. And now why, all of a sudden, do we run into alleged poltergeist occurrences where biting is a primary part of the action? One would almost think that vampires of our previous chapter had begun to perform under a new name. If the true vampire that rises from his grave at night and nips the necks of his victims is folklore, pure and simple, then what is this unseemly entity that bites children on the neck and arms and legs in front of witnesses?

Similar bitings have been reported in a few other cases, including that of a 13-year-old Rumanian child of peasant extraction named Eleanore Zugun. Brought to England in the fall of 1926 by her patroness, Countess Wassilko-Serecki, in order that investigations might be carried out at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in Queensbury Place, London, the child not only had strange vampire-like manifestations occurring on her body, but she called their invisible perpetrator *Dracu*, which meant in her language "The Devil." (Is this where the most famous vampire of them all, Dracula, got his name?) It was claimed that in her native country Eleanore had been repeatedly bitten and scratched in a way that caused her pain although no permanent injury resulted. Also in her presence curious movements of inanimate objects occurred, as in poltergeist cases. There were apports, too—those things that are said to appear "out of nowhere," having been dematerialized somewhere else by alleged spirit entities and then rematerialized in the presence of a medium. There are some cases that have seemed to bring genuine evidence that apports have actually appeared in closed and sealed rooms under

controlled conditions; but naturally there is much conjecture about them nonetheless.

It would seem with all this going on around her that Eleanore Zugun must have been an undeveloped physical medium. It is a shame that her powers were not matured, because genuine mediums around whom physical phenomena occur are very rare and very exciting.

There were a number of witnesses to testify that the biting of Eleanore by some invisible force was genuine. A statement signed by Dr. R.J. Tillyard, F.R.S., Captain Neil Gow, and Clephan Palmer describes what they observed on Monday, October 4, 1926: "The little girl cried out and showed marks on the back of her left hand like teeth-marks that afterwards developed into deep weals. She then gave a soft cry and pointed to her right wrist, which was covered by the sleeve of her blouse. She rolled it up and revealed several freshly-made red marks like scratches about five inches long. Later she was just raising a cup of tea to her lips when she suddenly gave a cry and put the cup down. There was a bite mark on her right hand, both rows of teeth showing."

In case we might think that these men had just been hoodwinked by a child playing pranks, Captain Seton-Karr stated that he saw stigmatic markings appear on her face, arms and forehead under conditions that absolutely precluded her being able to produce them herself by scratching or other normal means. Another witness, Col. W.W. Hardwick, disclosed that he saw distinct teeth-marks appear on her wrist when she was under close observation and could not have produced them normally.

Whatever definition of a poltergeist one accepts, it describes a supernormal condition of some kind, because fraud has been completely ruled out time and time again in modern cases witnessed by the most competent investigators. These were not just bystanders as those quoted above may have been, but trained researchers who knew all the tricks and deceptions possible to produce fraud.

Conjectures as to the cause of poltergeist activity, when deception is ruled out, devolve on either PK, the psychokinetic force generated by the unconscious minds of some individuals, or ghosts. Sometimes both are offered at

the same time as the explanation. The theory of the Spiritualists, that a ghost or spirit produces the phenomena, usually presupposes that in order to make contact with physical objects and cause them to move or fly about, the spirit must use the energies or forces supplied by some living person. This individual, whether or not he is aware of it, is the medium. There are varying suggestions as to what kind of spirits would act like this. Is it a perfectly normal human being who has died and is now attempting from the spirit plane merely to inform the world that he still survives? Is it a depraved earthbound entity who abuses adolescent girls and boys for his own gratification? Or might it be an invisible juvenile deliquent trying to play pranks on living children of his own age group?

Poltergeists may perform in a house in which an old couple, or an odd couple, or a pregnant woman live. They have often occurred in parsonages and the cells of monks. But they seem most frequently to arrive in a relatively normal household in which there are teenage boys and girls. Researchers therefore suggest that there must be some connection between the newly awakening sexual powers of the youngsters in puberty and the outbreak of this strange force. It is the psychokinetic force coming from the subconscious mind, from the sidetracking of the sexual energies in the child's maturing body, that is given all the credit for the phenomena by the parapsychologists. They see no necessity for a ghost to be involved at all.

Whatever the explanation, a 16-year-old youth in Reading, Berkshire, England, had to spend Easter Monday, 1969, in a tent in his back garden with his dog, because whenever he was in the house things exploded. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Withers of Kiln Road, Emmer Green, experienced a series of violent explosions which left shattered glass all over their bungalow, according to the *Psychic News*, April 19, 1969. The commotion started when their youngest son, the 16-year-old, was working with his married brother in the garage and six light bulbs shattered one after the other.

"Then lights began flickering and went out," the paper states. "A light bulb flew through a closed door and smashed. Glass tumblers exploded into fragments after passing through the front of a cupboard. A milk bottle flew

from the kitchen draining board through a closed connecting hatch and smashed into the television set." After the teenager was sent outside to stay, things quieted down. Yet he had been under observation, and it was not possible for him to have caused the action by trickery. There has been no report of a study by parapsychologists on this case. It would be interesting to learn if they were to conclude that this boy, calmly working in a garage with his brother, had somehow achieved such a state of anxiety, of "sidetracked sexual energy," as to have caused all this with his subconscious mind.

A.R.G. Owen, in an article entitled "Brownie, Incubus and Poltergeist" in the *International Journal of Parapsychology* suggests that most of these young people probably have innate talent for physical mediumship. Owen discovered in working over certain well-attested cases of recent date that many of them revealed a well-defined psychoneurotic condition. If some additional stimulus triggered it off, such as a state of anxiety or hysteria "such as commonly occurs in adolescence," this may often be the precipitating factor inducing a poltergeist outbreak. "In a proportion of cases sexual tension may be one of the causes of the neurosis. In others, heightened eroticism may only be an expression or symptom of a neurotic condition. Thus an erotic delusional content might be expected to show itself overtly in *some* poltergeist cases."

For some young women this also may "sometimes be a concomitant of psychological projections of the incubus type," Owen says. This would have been true "especially in an age of sexual repression when the ideas of incubus, demon and tempter were current," such as the era of the spooked nuns.

It is certainly easy enough to discover in some instances definite psychoneurotic overtones that would help account for the poltergeist manifestations. In the case of the famous Miami poltergeist that I had the privilege of discovering, a young Cuban boy of 19 was the focus of the activity, and he had neurotic characteristics that were quite evident on occasion. Objects fell off shelves with wild abandon in the warehouse where this boy worked; yet in many instances he was under careful observation by some of the leading

parapsychologists and could not possibly under any circumstances have been attempting trickery. It was quite obvious that there was some force from the boy's mind that was causing the poltergeist; and the question of how it worked was on everyone's mind as we observed these phenomena for a period of 24 days.

Before all this modern talk about neuroses, psychoses, sidetracking of sexual energies and all that, poltergeist cases went on just as they do today. In those days such cases were taken strictly at face value, or else rejected the same way. If there was any opportunity for fraud, blame was apportioned. If not, the phenomena were accepted as genuine and to blazes with why and how. If there was no human person who could have been producing the manifestations by trickery, then either all the people involved were lying for some curious reason or else things happened just as they reported and a simple spiritistic explanation was accepted. Let us review an old case which was given fully in *Light*, December 1889, and see what we can make out of it.

In the account we are told that on September 15, 1889, the family of George Dagg, a farmer living in the Province of Quebec, Canada, began to be troubled by some strange spirit of mischief that played havoc with its peaceful home and drove them all nearly to distraction. Members of the family were George Dagg, age 35, his wife Susan, his daughter Mary, age four, and his son Johnny, two.

Dinah Burden McLean, 11, was an orphan from Scotland who made her home with the Daggs. Previous to the start of the peculiar activities, Dinah had been a stout, rosy-cheeked Scotch girl. "Now," the report states, "her cheeks are sunken in, dark rings enclose her eyes, and she is a mere shadow of her former self." Today we would naturally suspect Dinah as being the cause of all this, through some pre-pubertal sexual agitation. The only critical observations made about her then were that when Dinah was away from the house the disturbances ceased.

Seventeen witnesses to the phenomena, all responsible men living in the vicinity, drew up and signed the following statement of what they had observed at the Dagg home:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: We, the undersigned, solemnly declare that the following curious proceedings which began on the fifteenth day of September, 1889, and are still going on on the seventeenth day of November, 1889, in the house of Mr. George Dagg, a farmer living seven miles from Shawville, Clarendon Township, Pontiac County, Province of Quebec, actually occurred as below described.

First. That fires have broken out spontaneously throughout the house, as many as eight occurring in one day, six being in the house and two outside; that the window curtains were burned whilst on the windows, this happening in broad daylight, whilst the family and neighbors were in the house.

Second. That stones were thrown by invisible hands through the windows, as many as eight panes of glass being broken, that articles such as a water jug, milk pitchers, a wash basin, cream tub, butter tub, and other articles were thrown about the house by the same invisible agency, a jar of water being thrown in the face of Mrs. John Dagg, also in the face of Mrs. George Dagg while they were being about their household duties, Mrs. George Dagg being alone in the house at the time it was thrown in her face; that a large dining table was thrown down; a mouth organ, which was lying on a small shelf, was distinctly heard to be played and was seen to move across the room on to the floor, while immediately after, a rocking chair began rocking furiously; that a washboard was sent flying down the stairs from the garret, no one being in the garret at the time. Further, that when the child Dinah is present a deep, gruff voice, like that of an aged man, has been heard at various times, both in the house and out of doors, and when asked questions has answered so as to be distinctly heard, showing that he is cognizant of all that has taken place, not only in Mr. Dagg's family, but also in the families in the surrounding neighborhood; that he claims to be a discarnated being who died twenty years ago, aged about eighty years; that he gave his name to Mr. George Dagg and Mr. Willis Dagg, forbidding them to tell it; that this intelligence is able to make himself

visible to Dinah, little Mary and Johnny, who have seen him under different forms at different times, at one time as a tall, thin man with a cow's head, horns, tail and cloven feet, at another time as a big black dog, and finally as a man with a beautiful face and long white hair dressed in white, wearing a crown with stars in it."

No women signed this statement, but had they been asked to add their names to it, there would have been twice as many signatures, for altogether as many as 34 persons, men and women, observed these phenomena.

Some further details about the haunting are given by Mr. Arthur Smart, a neighbor, who testified to facts which he himself witnessed.

Mr. Smart sat in front of a little cupboard at a distance of not more than four or five feet and directly facing it. There he saw Mrs. Dagg put in two pans full of bread which she had just taken from the oven. After doing so she took a pail and went out to milk, while he continued to sit facing the cupboard. In about ten minutes Mrs. Dagg, on coming in with her milk, found one of the pans full of bread in the back kitchen, and, on her expressing her surprise, he opened the cupboard and found only one there. This, he said, "was the first thing which fairly staggered his unbelief."

In the absence of Mr. Dagg, who was away from home with his threshing machine, Mr. Smart was occasionally asked to stay with the family because they were afraid to be alone. On one of these occasions, while they were sitting around the stove in the evening, a match was heard to fall on the bare floor, then another and another. This continued until the floor of the room was pretty well covered with matches. Mr. Smart watched with care to see if he could observe the matches leaving the safe (the box they were kept in), which hung against the wall; but he "failed to see them then nor until they were within a few inches of the floor." After the shower was over he examined the safe and found it empty. He then proceeded to gather up the matches and got enough to fill the safe.

From Mrs. Dagg herself, Robert Grant, a much respected teacher of the neighborhood, received the following account of an instance involving Dinah McLean.

Mrs. Dagg told the teacher: "One day, just after dinner, Dinah and I were standing at the window on the side of the room opposite to where the dining table stands, when we saw it slowly turning over towards her till it fell on one side. It then made a second turn and lay with its legs pointing to the ceiling. This occurred at about one o'clock p.m. on a clear, sunny day when no one was near except myself and the family."

What kind of child was this eleven-year-old for whom a table would roll over and stick its legs up in the air? Was she suffering from conversion hysteria? Was sexual tension upsetting her mental equilibrium? We will never know because in those days there were no analysts available to talk to the little girl and give her Rorschach tests and Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory tests and Thematic Apperception tests, or even lie detector tests, as researchers do today whenever it is possible to isolate the prime suspect in a poltergeist case.

About the possibilities or probabilities of fraud or malobservation among the Daggs and their neighbors, Fr. Herbert Thurston, S.J. in *Ghosts and Poltergeists* points out that "The narrators do not betray any knowledge that what they record corresponds with the observations made in numberless cases in all parts of the world, and they do not, as they would almost inevitably do if they possessed that knowledge, emphasize these points when they speak of them." This is the same consideration cited by Raymond Bayless previously. So when the spook in this case was reported to have thrown a stone which hit little Mary by mistake, he "did not let it hurt her." The Dagg family showed a good deal of surprise at her escape from harm. Also, although a number of fires were started they were always in the daytime and in an area that was under sufficient observation so that they would be discovered and could immediately be put out.

Fr. Thurston comments: "The same peculiarity, viz. that though mischief is done it is not of a character dangerous to life or limb, recurs over and over again in poltergeist phenomena. . . . The other circumstance which seems strikingly in accord with what has been noticed in poltergeist disturbances where a variety of small objects are thrown, is the curious statement of Mr. Smart that

when the matches were falling he could never detect the manner of their departure from the 'safe' and could not see them at all until they were within a few inches of the floor. Many parallels might be quoted for this apparent dematerialization during flight . . ."

What is the source of all these strange curiosities, then? Fr. Thurston says, "One speaks very much in the dark, but, accepting as I do the existence of a spirit world, angelic, demonic and possibly nondescript, I should be more inclined to look for the impulse there than to identify it with any terrestrial agent."

Chapter XVI

ESP AND ACID

In the fall of 1968 I was informed that a young man who was developing his ESP in a New York meditation class had undergone some interesting psychic adventures during a period when he was tripping on acid (LSD). I asked him to call on me and tape record some of his experiences, and when he did I discovered that he was very articulate and uninhibited in relating them. He gave me permission to publish his name and all the information he revealed to me, but I have decided it would be better to use a pseudonym—Melvin Mallory. Although not very much assessable ESP is evident in this material, I believe that it gives considerable insight into the thinking processes of a quite perceptive person.

Melvin told me that he had started taking LSD in 1964 and had stopped taking it in January 1967, when he finally realized that it was becoming dangerous to him. On his very first trip he began to understand that he had telepathic rapport with others while under the influence of the psychedelic drug. Much of our interview was an attempt to analyze and comprehend exactly how the impressions came to him so that he could be sure he was actually aware of the content of the mind of another. I am not positive that we accomplished this goal, but in the process we achieved some colorful material which shows how ESP can be involved with human emotions.

The first time Melvin Mallory took acid he asked a man named Michael (whom he knew had already used it) to sit with him. He had read enough about psychedelics to be afraid that sometimes one might become suicidal during a trip, and even homicidal, so he did not want to be alone. It was during this very first experience that he became aware that he was able to read minds. He said:

"At one point we went out on the street to eat breakfast and I realized that I was seeing things differently. I saw things as they were, but with an added dimension. I seemed able to look inside peoples' minds and become aware of their true personalities. Afraid at first that I was hallucinating, I asked my friend, 'Am I actually seeing this? Is this what it really looks like?' For instance, I saw a woman and she was a parrot. She was preening herself as a bird preens itself, and it was so evident to me that I thought I must be hallucinating. I asked my friend, 'Does that woman look like a bird? Like a parrot, or a cockatoo?' He turned around and looked at her and laughed. 'Yes,' he said, 'she looks just like a cockatoo!' "

"You got the actual feeling of her ego while she was trying to pretty herself up?" I asked.

"Yes," Melvin answered. "You see people groom themselves when you're down [off acid] and it means one thing, but it takes on all sorts of ramifications when you are high [tripping]. It becomes something entirely different—almost ludicrous—like she really was a bird preening herself."

I said, "You did not feel any particular rapport with this woman's mind, you were just able to look into her and see this characteristic?"

"Yes, I had a strong feeling of rapport with my friend, however. I knew what he was thinking and I would ask him and he would confirm it. I would say, 'Do you want to do this?' because that was what was coming at me."

"What do you mean, 'coming at you?' "

Melvin was feeling around for a way to explain exactly what he meant. "It never came at me verbally," he said.

"How did it come, then?"

"I would say that it was as if his mind opened up to me."

"Were you, perhaps, seeing a picture of something in his mind?"

"No, it was as if his mind and my mind were the same mind, so that there was no distance to bridge. I knew what he was thinking as if I had entered his mind. That was a very pleasant time for me, and I learned that I could trust this man—as far as I was concerned. He was a very strange young man. He lived on the street and I knew that he was given to stealing; but as far as I was concerned I knew I

could trust him . . . because I had gone into his mind and I knew that his attitude toward me was not destructive in any way. . . ."

I interrupted him. "Are you in touch with him at all now?"

"No. I see him every once in a while."

"I was just wondering if there was any way to get him to verify what happened that night. I am hoping we can get someone to verify your stories."

"I have tripped with two other people in New York and they could verify it."

The tape recorder stalled for a moment and while I was fixing it, Melvin became very confidential. "You see," he said, "I am a homosexual." I had rather suspected it, but was surprised to hear him come out with it. For the record, I thought, we'd better get his statement on the tape. So as I started it up again I said, "You were telling me about your . . . ah . . . personal idiosyncrasies which should go into this report."

"Well, the personal idiosyncrasy is that I am homosexual. Michael, who was also a homosexual, wanted to sit with me while I was on my first trip so that he could have sex with me while I was under the influence of acid. He was curious what it was like to have sex with someone while they were on acid. I was too caught up in the trip itself to be interested in sex. I was watching him and smelling him and this was enough for me. The drug accentuated my sense of sight and smell. The sense of hearing was not altered in any way. My sense of touch was lessened if anything. At one time we had sex—it was anal intercourse and he was the aggressive person. At that point I saw the aura around him, which I had never seen before. I went completely into his mind. I can't say I was in love with him, but I knew him as if he were myself. We have been friends ever since then. I only see him every once in a while, when I am walking down Second Avenue—he lives over somewhere on that side of town. I don't even know his last name."

"But you were sure that in his mind he had good intentions towards you, that he would not harm you in any way?"

"He felt nothing negative towards me. I can't say that he

felt much positive towards me, but it was nothing negative. He did not put up any barriers between us. Now, the second trip I made was quite different. I had realized the first time that I could read minds when I was on acid, so the second trip I took with an old friend of mine because I was curious about what was going on in his mind. He was a man who had been my lover for some two years. I was tripping and he wasn't. I was looking into his eyes, and as long as he wasn't talking I could read his mind. But he would begin to talk and the conversation would conflict. I could see walls or barriers rising in front of him. It was as if they were inside his eyes and I would reach up and try to push them down with my hands. . . . What was going on inside him was much more real than what he was verbalizing. That was very depressing. When I came down I was very depressed because I realized that rapport really was not there."

"He would think one thing and say something else?" I asked. I was curious to know just how that worked. I tried to analyze it . . . tried to think independently as I talked to see how my mind worked. "It seems as though it is all one piece," I said. "What I am thinking and what I am saying. But I suppose there are times when your voice is saying things and your mind is thinking something different . . . particularly when you are making love. What you say might be what you think the other person wants to hear and at the same time your mind might have reservations about it."

Mallory said that sometimes there are basic conflicts involved that have nothing to do with what the mind is consciously thinking and even consciously saying. Sometimes there can be conflict between what one is consciously thinking and what one says, but then there can be even other levels of consciousness at which there is complete conflict with the conscious mind. He added, "I had left Texas to go to New York with him, and while I was high I asked him, 'I was remembering when we first moved to New York and lived on 76th Street. Did you love me?' He said, 'I loved you then, I love you now, and I'll always love you.' And this wasn't true. I knew it wasn't true and I said, 'Don't say that.' "

"But," I asked, "don't you think that in a love

relationship you often feel that it really isn't true . . . that a person is saying something to you that he really does not mean?"

Melvin did not agree. "I have a great capacity for fooling myself," he said. "And I would prefer to have believed that he did love me, then, now, and always would."

"Could you see the actual thoughts winging around in his mind with all these reservations? How were you actually getting the mental impressions that what he was saying was not true?"

Melvin said it did not come as an image. He had the ability actually to close his mind and visualize a situation, so he knew it was not that. And it was not verbalized (his favorite word) because it was below the level of verbalization.

I said, "Let's just try to see if we can analyze how this comes to you. It is not just a little thing back in a person's mind that is saying, 'No, this is not true. . . .' "

Melvin decided he could make this clearer by a reference to something in his past. "I am a market researcher now," he said, "but when I first came to New York City I went to work in Bellevue Hospital as a psychiatric nurse's aide. There I became aware, and I had never been aware of it before, that when I walked into the ward to go to work in the evenings—I worked evenings—that if there was violence or if someone was highly disturbed on the ward something within my head like a tuner would go off. It would be in sympathy with this violence. It reminds me of a tuning fork. It would vibrate . . . so violently that I would know that there was someone on the ward who was very upset. And so I would start walking around the ward and the closer I would get to that person the louder it would vibrate. When I passed him the vibrations would stop. So I would home-in on the person just like a sonar or radar. The tuning fork would stop when I knew who it was. It was like an alarm and I was alarmed until I knew who the person was, then I knew it was possible to deal with it. The same thing happens with me—I don't know about other people, but me—when I have been on acid. My mind is in sympathy with certain others, and if my mind is in sympathy with them, and if my mind is not faced with a situation that is in conflict with what is true within myself,

then there is perfect sympathy and harmony. But as soon as it is faced with a situation that is in conflict—something that is beyond me, my mind goes off, it sends off this alarm saying it is wrong. I can't say I visualize an image, because it is not that. If anything, it is a lack of imagery. It's like a darkness that the mind is compatible with. If I want to make an image of this I could say, 'Words are the light that the darkness gives birth to.' Sometimes the words can be in accord with the darkness—never in perfect accord, that is not possible—but sometimes they are in relative accord and sometimes they are not. I think this is what happens for me."

Melvin did not seem to think he receives visual images from people. But sometimes what he gets is verbal, and this will come often, even when he is not on acid.

"Actually," I said, "you may be a natural psychic so that you get telepathic messages from people even when your extrasensory powers are not heightened by LSD."

"Right."

"But it was definitely accentuated when you were on acid?"

"Yes, it goes beyond that. When you are not high you get impressions, and they are usually high level impressions. When you are zonked you leave the ego behind. You become aware of what it is like to be without the ego. Usually this is why people freak out [have bad trips]. They have never been without their ego and all of a sudden they are bereft of it."

"What does that feel like?"

"To be bereft of ego? Wonderful!" Melvin's face lit up as he recalled the feeling.

I tried to drag from him, although it was difficult for him to express such things, the actual feeling he spoke of as 'having no ego.' He fell back on another story to illustrate it, telling me that the first time it ever happened to him was when he was hitchhiking through Greece and went to sleep one night out in a field.

"I kept waking up during the night and watching the Milky Way and every time I woke up it would be in a different position. At one time I awoke and I was no longer me. I was a part of everything else. I was no longer a separate entity."

"Are you sure you really woke up?" I asked, but he was sure because he had awakened from a nightmare to which he had reacted rather violently.

"That absorption into the Milky Way," he went on, "was my first experience with loss of ego. Then my other experiences after that where there was loss of ego have been—not that I ceased to be me, but that I ceased to be important as me."

It finally dawned on me what he was getting at. I said, "Now I begin to read you. It is more of a blending into everything else."

"Everything else assumes equal importance, and everyone else assumes equal importance to yourself. And I think this is loss of ego, really, because it is not so much a loss of the sense of your own importance as a gaining of the knowledge of everything else's importance."

Yet Melvin could at such times also understand man's complete degradation. He told me, "I was approached by a man one night when I was on a trip. I saw him coming down the street . . . dressed in black leather."

"This was a real man, or . . . ?"

"He was real. I don't hallucinate."

"Some people do hallucinate on acid," I said, not sure just what he meant by the term. I suppose he wasn't sure either, for he added, "It may be called hallucination, I don't know, but nothing alters physically. Everything physically is exactly the way it is in reality. It is just that I gain a deeper perception into it. This man walked up to me and he reminded me of a huge slug. He was very pale and white, and his hair was dyed patent leather black, and he had this black leather coat on. He said, 'Good morning!' It was about three or four A.M. I replied, 'Good morning.' Then he said, 'Do you want me to "do" you?' "

Melvin paused, recalling the scene. Then he went on: "The minute he said it I had visions of him clamping on my body like a slug and I said, 'No, thank you,' and very quickly fled the scene. It was not that I would personally be repulsed by him because it didn't make that much difference to me, but there was something in his nature that was like a slug. It was not human. He had ceased to be anything I could envision as human. Physically the body was human but the mind was not."

Melvin told me several other stories of experiences he considered to have indicated ESP. I asked him if he could contact any of the people whose minds he had read when he was high on acid and ask them for verifications. Since all his experiences were of an unusually personal nature, he felt that this would be difficult to do, and I agreed with him. However, he expressed himself as willing to try. Until the time that he arrives with witnessed testimony in his possession, we will have to accept his accounts at face value, realizing that in his efforts to explain how his mind works in an ESP situation he may have given us insight if not evidence.

Chapter XVII

PSYCHING THE PSYCHICS

Most mediums I know are middle-aged, overweight women with a complacent air. Of course, some professional psychics are slender, some are young and glamorous, and some are men. Many of the men seem to be slightly effeminate, yet seldom overtly homosexual. As far as I can see, mediums today are probably no more neurotic or sex-oriented than most others in their social strata.

Yet researchers who have psychoanalyzed mediums have, on the whole, come up with some surprising statements about their sexual repressions or whatever. They seem to be judging professional sensitives as Dr. Nandor Fodor did when he suggested that "any mental medium can have sexual fantasies, and satisfaction, through the mechanism of spirit controls." It is true that some mediums have told me they have had occasional experiences, which they did not encourage, with incubi. And I know one nonprofessional whose spirit doctor loves to waltz, and he invisibly leads her around the floor in a rhythmic whirl on occasion.

Back in the days when there were more strong physical mediums—who produced materializations and other phenomena made of ectoplasm—sexual feelings may have been more involved in the whole proceedings. Ectoplasm is a whitish substance made of human cells of one kind or another which comes from the bodily orifices of the medium and is said to be used in the construction of any materializations which occur. One would think that for a woman, giving birth to a large amount of ectoplasm must be at least mildly an act of parturition.

In our evaluation of the character of mediumship we must go first to the dean of American parapsychologists, Dr. J. B. Rhine, as he stresses the fact that the possession

of psychic capabilities does not, *per se*, make one unnatural. In *The Reach of the Mind* he states clearly, "We are not dealing with abnormalities. As I have already stated in earlier chapters, it was found in the early years of study that telepathy and clairvoyance were not abnormal capacities in the general sense of the word; that is, they had nothing to do with mental illness. No general association had been found between them and the psychopathic states of subjects tested. In recent years a number of experimental studies have been made on that question in mental hospitals in this country. These investigations entirely confirm this earlier impression. There is nothing even to suggest that telepathy and clairvoyance might be abnormal."

Dr. Rhine is not here expressing himself about any other personality quirks of those who may possess psi capabilities to a high degree. Dr. Emilio Servadio has done this in *La Ricerca Psichico*:

"In general, all those who have experimented for a long time with subjects observe that though there may exist points of contact between mediumism and neurosis, one cannot reduce the medium's faculties to a general morbid state of the psyche, although one does not exclude the fact that some mediums may present signs of psychical alteration. In other words, between mediumism and morbidness there may exist a zone of interference, but not of total coincidence."

Still and all, Nandor Fodor found a lot of weirdos who were psychics. In stating why sex cannot be dissociated from mediumship he noted, very sagely, that mediums are also human beings who either have a normal sex life, even if impaired, or none, in which case something abnormal is likely to happen.

"If the life force cannot be discharged through the reproductive organs, it may create monstrosities of some kind," he said in *The Haunted Mind*. He believed that sexual energies may furnish the fuel for many physical, and perhaps also for mental, manifestations of psychic ability.

Dr. Fodor had known mediums who were homosexuals. One in England was jailed because his spirit control persuaded a youth to yield to his advances. There is undoubtedly the potentiality for a problem situation when

a male medium has a female control who, when he is in trance, tries to make love to the male sitters. "Is she a mask for the medium's homosexuality or just an objectification of his repressed femininity?" asks Fodor. "Practically, it amounts to the same thing, but the latter view is more charitable."

Lesbianism may be indicated the same way. There was a woman named Gertrude in London who had lost her lover in death. She went the round of mediums in an attempt to communicate with this Charles, and she found one female psychic through whom he was able to manifest by controlling the entranced medium. The session ended each time with the psychic recovering consciousness in Gertrude's arms. Neither woman apparently minded too much. In fact, the spirit of Charles found a way to be really active sexually even though he was using the body of a female medium. At his instigation Gertrude purchased an instrument with which Charles, in Nandor's words, "successfully, and to perfect satisfaction, replaced Gertrude's husband who, by reason of heart trouble, was prohibited from having conjugal relations. The lady in question blossomed and became younger and more beautiful, but after three years, tragedy came on raven wings. The husband found the instrument and, accidentally, stepped on it and smashed it."

The only thing I question here is the word "accidentally" in connection with the husband's conduct.

Since today there are fewer mediums who go into deep trance, perhaps there are also less problems involving erotic relationships with those of opposite sexes in the concourse between worlds. Certainly any conscious or semi-conscious medium can bring loving messages by word of mouth without resorting to anything more drastic.

Eunice Van Wyk, one of the best known psychics in Miami, Florida, tells me that she thinks most sensitives actually have less to do with sex than other people. She feels that their lives of service are so fulfilling that they have, perhaps, little need of additional emotional stimulation.

Professor W.H.C. Tenhaeff of the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands has listed the results of his study of 40 mediums (or paragnosts, as he calls them) in his paper "On

the Personality Structure of Paragnosts." He stated that "the medium stands closer to primitive man and the child than the (generally) strongly individualized contemporary European and American cultural man."

Sexually Dr. Tenhaeff found that the specifically male and specifically female element was not strongly present in the emotional lives of those he tested. Female features could be found in male paragnosts, and male characteristics in the females. The men show an increase of the finer female effects such as tenderness, leniency and goodness. In their personality they reveal a greater urge to assert themselves, as well as defiance and jealousy. The male mediums' more latent masculinity is hidden under a more feminine surface, while the females' latent femininity is hidden under a more masculine surface. Perhaps the feminine qualities in a man medium are among the attributes which make him most successful, since extreme sensitivity is rarely found in strongly masculine men.

Going back to the subject of ectoplasm, and to the earthiest of all well-known mediums in history, there was little doubt that Eusapia Palladino had erotic reactions when ectoplasm was produced. She shocked many of the proper British gentlemen who spent time with her in darkened seance rooms. But they felt obliged, nonetheless, to continue their investigations in the name of science, for she did produce magnificent phenomena when she was in good form.

From her early childhood in Naples, Italy, where she was an orphan, Eusapia resisted all attempts to make her learn to read and write, comb her hair, take a daily bath, and behave like a lady. Fortunately for her social career, her unusual mediumistic talents became apparent very early, and so she was always welcome most places because of the curious manifestations she could produce.

Eusapia had her first child at the age of 16, by whom it is not recorded. Even when she was in her early teens, nearly every kind of physical phenomena was occurring in her presence. Tables floated in the air with the greatest of ease, sounds like pistol shots rang out when nobody had a gun, spare hands and arms, tambourines, dishes, or other objects appeared in the room where she was, even though the doors had been sealed and she had been searched

beforehand. When she was investigated by the famous criminologist, Professor Cesare Lombroso, he reported favorably about her, saying that he had seen such things as the emergence of a mysterious third arm from under the medium's dress. This occurred in full light in such a manner that he was convinced there was no way it could have been produced fraudulently. Lombroso also saw Palladino levitate and remain floating in the air above a table while the observers passed their hands beneath her. (Had she been a sanctified, consecrated Catholic, such levitations might have helped win her the crown of sainthood. But notice once again the way the same phenomena occurring in totally different environments have completely varying explanations.) On one occasion, in full gaslight, Professor Lombroso declared that Eusapia remained in the air in a horizontal position with her head alone resting on the table.

Lombroso spread the word. By the time she was 30 years old, Eusapia Palladino had a wide reputation in Italy, and scientists from other countries were beginning to discover her and make an effort to learn whether or not her phenomena were genuine. Eventually some of the most prominent scientists, doctors, and psychical researchers of the day were to investigate her thoroughly under controlled conditions and be amazed and confounded by what they observed.

Even so, occasionally she attempted trickery. She rarely got away with it, but she acquired the reputation of being a sometime-cheat. When she was tired or lazy and thought she could put over a bit of fraud, she would pull it. When she was controlled, however, by having both her hands held and someone sitting on her feet, and when a light was on in the room, objects would still float in the air, appear and disappear, and in other ways comport themselves in an unnatural manner. Obviously it was her strong psychokinetic force that caused such activity, just as PK force in a home can account for a poltergeist's flying dishes and popping bottle caps and dropping matches. Once when Sir Oliver Lodge was holding both of Eusapia's hands, he was pushed and pinched on the head, back and knees, while occasionally his hand was seized by another hand. He does not report having been bitten.

These men did not object to holding hands with Palladino, even though she was rather fat, with short legs, and an awkward, heavy body. They were doing it all for the sake of scientific research. Wives who attended the seances with their husbands were not as well pleased, being quite aware that the lusty, busty Sicilian was much too amorous with their men. She was vital and vulgar, and indulged in sly jokes and intimate coy winks. She did not hesitate to discuss her invisible spirit lover, or her husband who was never allowed in the seance room with her. One writer described her as an unlettered peasant with a most primitive morality and of such a decidedly erotic nature that she thought of little else but sex. Before going into her trances she yawned and hiccuped vigorously. Her face would become pale and crimson in turn and then take on a demoniacal mien. Later it changed to an expression of voluptuous ecstasy. After sittings, according to Dr. Eric Dingwall in *Very Peculiar People*, "these conditions occasionally persisted; and she would sometimes, in a half-dreamy state, throw herself into the arms of men attending the seance and signify her desire for more intimate contacts in ways which could hardly be misinterpreted except by the most innocent."

However simple and uneducated Eusapia was, she was no fool. If she performed clever tricks sometimes, she produced genuine phenomena most of the time. In fact, professors have concluded that at least 75 percent of the phenomena they witnessed—under conditions where they had maintained complete control of the situation—were genuine.

Although a trip to America some years later was a fiasco for her because she was getting old, her powers were no longer consistently potent, and she was observed in some of her pranks, she still produced a few unusual phenomena even then.

Fortunately for Eusapia's enduring reputation, three men of unimpeachable integrity and highly trained powers of observation, as well as expertise in magic, observed her for a period of weeks in broad daylight under carefully controlled conditions. They then placed on record all their complete notes taken at each seance by a secretary. Hereward Carrington, one of the researchers in this group,

concluded his studies of her with: "I will only repeat once again my personal conviction, which remains unshaken after more than forty years, and despite all adverse criticism, viz. that we repeatedly witnessed, in Eusapia Palladino's seances, genuine physical phenomena of an extraordinary character which (if duly appreciated) would throw an entirely new light upon biology, psychology, and the whole structure of mechanistic science."

Chapter XVIII

WHAT COMES NEXT?

It is not the intent of this book to assert anything about the existence or non-existence of life after death. Yet as the material accumulated illustrating the various aspects of ESP as it is involved with you, and you and someone else and their human emotions, it seems that we have been traveling a road that has ultimately led us to the point where questions about this topic are inevitable. From incubi and familiar spirits, through poltergeists and mediums, and up to spontaneously received messages purporting to come from deceased parents or lovers, it seems that one prevailing trend has predominated. A pattern emerges consistent with some form of possible spirit intervention in almost every instance.

If we completely reject the spirit hypothesis, then we have in this book nothing more than a hodgepodge of tall tales told by or about a bunch of hysterics, and one would have to be extremely naïve to believe them. Yet can this many people (representative of vast numbers more with like experiences from earliest times up to the present) all be suffering hallucinations even though they seem to be resolutely normal in all other aspects of their lives? In that case, how does it occur that they have produced such similar and interrelated ESP phenomena? Those who have undergone such experiences, without any previous conditioning so to believe, almost invariably report the same kinds of occurrences. To claim that this is mere coincidence is to stretch the string of coincidence so far that it snaps of its own weight.

Nonetheless, I make no claims. Most of the cases reported in this book are too subjective to offer as proof of anything. Persons who are interested in attempting to learn more about whether or not there is evidence for a life after

death have plenty of other books to read for information. We have here only the word of those who have had, for instance, such experiences as that of the following woman who believed she died and went to heaven. We occasionally hear about someone who has been pronounced dead on the operating table or of a sudden heart attack who has later been revived. Often as not, reports of this kind do not suggest that the individual was anything more than unconscious during the interval between his death and his resuscitation. Yet there are just enough incidents where a definite experience is recalled to arouse our interest.

Patricia Ariss of Daventry, Northants, England, wrote to Neville Randall, author of a series called "Focus on Fact" in the London *Daily Sketch* that she had "died" during an operation for a malignant growth. She said: "I saw myself walking through space. I was void of any feeling. In front of me I saw someone behind some double gates and as I got nearer I could see the person was my mother who had died four years previously.

"Just as I got up to the gates," Mrs. Ariss added, "my mother put up her hand, shook her head from side to side and said to me, 'Not yet, not yet.' "

And so Mrs. Ariss came back . . . to tell of her experience. A story bringing us a similar suggestion that parental concern continues after death comes from Bonnie Brown of Long Beach, California, by way of *Fate* magazine, July 1969. She says she had seen her father after his passing and heard him say, "You must quit your grieving about me. Everything is beautiful here. Don't cry anymore." This was nice and consoling, and, to her, evidential. But she had even more tangible proof of his presence one day about the end of May 1968, when she was starting to leave her house to go to the store. She writes that she had just turned the doorknob to go out when she heard her father's voice calling her name and saying, "Wait!"

"At the same time," she says, "I saw and felt his hands on my shoulders as he gently pushed me back from the door." She sat down, amazed at what had occurred and wondering about its significance. In a few moments she heard a terrible crash. Through her window she saw that two cars had hit head-on right in the middle of the

intersection in front of her house. Then she knew why she had been deterred. "I might have been there, too, if Father had not told me to wait," she wrote.

There will be some readers who have been carried this far because of their interest in the narrative, but who insist that they would not *wish* to survive death. They say one life is enough and they want nothing but oblivion when it is over. I used to maintain this myself in the days when I was an agnostic. Then I began to realize how little I was accomplishing in this life, despite my best efforts to experience and enjoy and produce as much as possible. If this were all there was to living, then I had been able to make only a very poor showing for my time on earth.

Many persons, however, are fulfilled and feel that they have received as much from life as they deserve. They find it unnecessary to wish for any kind of continued existence after death—until someone they love dies. We may not care a whit about personal survival for ourselves; but we find it difficult to bear the thought that the face so beautiful to us will never smile again, that the warm, sweet personality we love has been extinguished like a match flame. It is then that we begin to have hopes that there might possibly be something to the idea of a continuation of consciousness after death. Gabriel Marcel said in *Intersubjective Approaches to Survival,* "Where Nietzsche would have said, 'All joy requires eternity,' I would say, 'All love requires the invincible hope of our survival.' "

If we should live after death, what would it be like, we wonder, once we have decided to consider the possibility of it. If we were planning to visit a foreign country we would certainly like to know something about it in advance. So now we are full of questions. "What kind of people will we be likely to meet?" we ask. "Will they be a nice sort?" What if the hereafter should turn out to contain a surplus of undisciplined and unrestrained hoods, like those who caused the nuns so much deranged gyrating in the Middle Ages? The accumulated bits and pieces of information in this book would seem to indicate the possibility that not only loving parents and spouses and children survive but demons and devils as well—or at least evil men and women who act like the Devil. Is this not perhaps a more frightening concept than oblivion?

Also we ask: "After death will there be any true emotions of love, pity, excitement, sex? Or will existence be at best, as we have been led to expect by certain religious presumptions, nothing more amusing than sitting on a cloud in a long white nightgown strumming a harp?" That sounds incredibly boring. If there will be "fun and games" in heaven, we're all for it. Otherwise, forget it.

There are many published accounts from persons who claim to have received information about conditions in the next world by automatic writing with spirits. Contrary to current belief, much of this is fairly intelligent, and some of it is inspiring. These reports offer us very little genuine evidence, but a lot of interesting ideas and concepts to ponder. Let us appeal to them for answers to these questions we have just posed.

About what people are like "over there" we have statements from Dr. Paschal Beverly Randolph in *After Death: The Disembodiment of Man:* "If a man goes to sleep a zealot, bigot, or fool, I see no good reason why he or anyone else should expect him to wake up next day a perfectly right sort of person, sane and sound in all respects, entirely and completely changed, re-made, worked over, purified, and crystallized; do you? If a Jersey rogue starts on the ferry-boat from Hoboken, I see no reason why, or method through which, his nature should have undergone an entire change by the time he reaches the dock in New York, do you? . . . Well, death is but a ferriage across a rather broader stream."

Dr. Randolph, one of those fascinating individuals who has sat for days or weeks or even years at a time with pen in hand receiving communication purporting to come from enlightened spirit entities, goes on: "When the sleeping fool wakes up, and the rogue reaches the city, one will still be a ninny, the other a rascal. One must grow wise; the other grow good . . . Well, death is sleep's twin brother. A man may quit this world at the point of a triple-edged sword or bayonet, on the field of martial glory, . . . or at the end of a yard or two of good, stout Christian rope, or he may die on a velvet couch; but, asleep or dying, he's the same man still—for it is his soul, not body or bones, that makes him what he is."

Apparently, then, you are the very same person the

moment after death as you were the moment before. You have not changed one iota except that you have shed the physical body as you would an overcoat. You now find your consciousness surviving, encased in a second, or spirit, body. This is an exact duplicate of your physical body that had been contained inside the physical until death, when it was released. You discover that it is invisible to those still on earth, but visible to other spirits.

You have to learn how to cope with this spirit body, and how to adjust to the conditions in which you now find yourself. You are still the same YOU. There has been no magical change. Communicating entities say they cannot stress that too much. You are no more some mystical being of ethereal thoughts and conduct than you would have been had you merely flown by plane from New York to live in Paris. The changes that must take place so that you can adjust to your new life must come by your own conscious effort, just as they would come if you resolved on a course of improvement on earth.

Those who have lived a relatively decent life have a fine time after death, almost from the beginning, it is said. They are probably just average individuals like you and me who have suddenly found themselves dead—but still alive—and are wondering what to do about it. When informed about how you can begin to progress and improve yourself, you will eagerly undertake the challenge, as well as the pleasures, that await you. You will be told that every man lives forever. From the time he first attains awareness of his individuality on earth he will continue to be himself unto all eternity—for his goal is perfection, and it is an eternal process to achieve it. Once the feet (spirit body feet) have been put on the path upward, life takes on such elements of all-consuming happiness that time passes miraculously fast and always joyfully.

Those who did nothing with their opportunities while on earth, who wasted their time on trivialities all through their lives, or who were genuinely depraved and destructive of themselves and others, are at death in a state that might be called hellish until they begin to see the necessity to improve themselves. Those whose only goals on earth were low and degrading may remain so close to their old pursuits as to be "earthbound;" and it is such as these who

may, for a time at least, become incubi. Or they may possess or obsess or in other ways cause discomfort and disaster to persons still on earth.

Just about the best authority on what it is purportedly like on the "other side" is Emanuel Swedenborg because he claimed to go there every day for 15 years. One of the most brilliant men who ever lived, who was knighted for his great services to his native Sweden, this inventive 18th-century scientist was generations ahead of his time. He was also very psychic, and for the last 15 years of his life he went into a trance every day. Then he visited the spirit world, where, he declared, he was well-received and shown about as a welcome guest. After he came out of his trances, he was so rational in relating his experiences that few who knew him really doubted that what he said was true. Swedenborg wrote volumes about his interdimensional travels, and the Church of the New Jerusalem was founded, after his death, on the philosophy he propounded.

Swedenborg had much to say about angels, who are, he maintained, men advanced to a high state of spiritual and emotional development. Work goes on in heaven very much the same as on earth, according to him; but a man's work there is always that which he loves best and to which he is best suited. These men, or spirits, or angels—the ones who have progressed—have recreation and amusements and, yes—sex. Swedenborg asserted that there is marriage in heaven, for apart from each other men and women are incomplete. If two people on earth were married but mismated, they drift apart in the life to come and choose other mates. If, however, they have been well-mated, their union becomes increasingly spiritual as time goes on. Those who were intended for each other by divine arrangement are eventually brought together in heaven, if they escaped each other on earth. (This should be consoling to a great many of us who have somehow completely missed the boat here.)

Most of the other spirit communicants agree that sexual interest continues after death as long as one desires it. Eventually, after we have progressed so far that we are in a constant state of bliss, carnal desires are willingly left behind; but the spiritual union is said to be even better than any physical union ever was. Until that distant date and

time, we can apparently manage there at least a reasonable approximation of any kind of sexual activity we might desire.

Dr. Randolph expresses the consternation this idea might cause in the minds of some readers.

"Am I to understand," one would ask, "that *all* the impulses, tendencies, penchants, desires, and passions which characterize us while here on earth are retained after our immigration to the scene of our new activities on the farther shores of time? In other words, are men and women after death even for a while, the same creatures of passionate impulse? I supposed that we left all that behind us; that the blood-fire alone caused it; and that after we parted therewith we also parted with its effects. You mean to say that after death we are still tempest-tossed and passion-driven? Oh, come now."

Dr. Randolph answers that the appeasement of sexual desires is not impossible or unknown in the other world. He says, "The loves between the sexes are the same kind beyond as here, differing only in degree. And it would be a poor Spiritual World, and a very gloomy Heaven, were it not so."

R. DeWitt Miller in *You Do Take It With You* gives the distilled information that he says he has acquired both from personal experience with mediumistic phenomena and a critical examination of thousands of reports of communications from those who have departed this life. Miller speaks of sexual pleasure here on earth as part of the champagne of existence. "Do we take this champagne with us?" he asks. "When we die what happens to the pleasures of sexual intercourse? The caressing? The touch of a hand? All the warm and glorious sensations that pour in on us from tactile, visual, auditory, and other stimuli?"

These pleasures still continue, Miller says. The spirit body, being an exact duplicate of the physical body, is able to enjoy the pleasures of physical existence just as delightfully as they were ever enjoyed on earth.

A well-known British journalist of the early part of this century, W. T. Stead, was capable of doing automatic writing. His book *Letters to Julia* contains much recorded material that he received, and some of it was about the emotional life after death. Julia, his charming corres-

pondent, said, ". . . all the earthly conceptions of sex are more or less vitiated by the fact that sex union is localized in the organs necessary for generation . . . the use of these organs on your side was two-fold. First, to secure the preservation of the race . . . secondly . . . to foreshadow in a limited, temporary ecstasy, the most important of all truths which is that the supreme bliss and highest heart-leap towards the infinite can never be attained alone." Where she is, Julia said, "we . . . are . . . free to mingle and to merge our beings in their whole totality with any other being or beings with whom the vibrations of our souls coincide, and for so long as they coincide. The ecstasy of such union transcends the ecstasy of love on earth as the area of the human body exceeds the fractional part dedicated to generation.

"There is no restriction on the liberty of love. If anyone arriving here is incapable of vibrating in sympathy with anyone but the spouse of earth life, he can remain as monagamous here as on earth . . . Yes, the sexes continue, but sex is deeper than the organs in which it finds its temporary expression on earth."

Dr. Randolph agrees. "Death does not radically change us, and I affirm again that the union referred to *does* constitute one of the lesser, yet full and perfect, joys of man's post-earthly life."

What might be considered the total content of information about the emotions that has been received by most of those who have propounded on the subject is summed up by DeWitt Miller, who says: ". . . such communications invariably indicate that sexual ecstasy in this life is only a foretaste of something more exquisite in the next. The full potentialities of sex are but glimpsed here. They are the shape of things to come."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abarbanel, Albert, "Are Aborigines Psychic?" *Tomorrow,* August 1961.

Aradi, Zsolt, *The Book of Miracles.* Derby, Connecticut: Monarch Books, Inc., 1961.

Balducci, Corrado, "Parapsychology and Diabolic Possession," *International Journal of Parapsychology,* Spring 1966.

Bayless, Raymond, *The Enigma of the Poltergeist.* W. Nyack, N.Y.: Parker Publishing Co., 1967.

Borzymowski, Andrzej, "Experiments with Ossowiecki," *International Journal of Parapsychology,* Summer 1965.

Bouisson, Maurice, *Magic.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1961.

Burlingham, Dorothy T., "Child Analysis and the Mother," *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly,* 1935.

Carrington, Hereward, *Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena.* New York: B. W. Dodge & Co., 1909.

———, *The American Seances with Eusapia Palladino.* New York: Garrett Publications, 1954.

Cavendish, Richard, *The Black Arts.* New York: Capricorn Books, 1968.

Cook, Mrs. Cecil M. (Ellen), *How I Discovered My Mediumship.* Chicago: Lormar Press, 1919

Crowley, Aleister, *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley.* New York: Hill & Wang, 1969.

deMartino, Ernesto, "Parapsychology, Ethnology and History of Religion," *Proceedings of Four Conferences of Parapsychological Studies.* New York: Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., 1957.

Deutsch, Helene, M.D., "Occult Processes Occurring in Psychoanalysis," *Psychoanalysis and the Occult,* Ed.

George Devereux. New York: International Universities Press, Inc., 1953.
Devor, Art, "Double-Thinking Twins," *Fate,* December 1968.
Dingwall, Eric, *Some Human Oddities.* New Hyde Park, N. Y.: University Books, 1962.
———, *Very Peculiar People.* New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1962.
Douglass, Earl L., "Religious Offbeat." New York: Swedenborg Foundation, Inc., 1961.
Ehrenwald, Jan, *From Medicine Man to Freud.* New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1956.
Elliott, The Rev. G. Maurice and Irene Hallam Elliott, "An Account of Some of Our Psychic Experiences," *The Occult Review,* December 1921.
Feilding, Everard, *Sittings with Eusapia Palladino.* New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1963.
Flournoy, Theodore, *From India to the Planet Mars.* Geneva: 1909.
Fodor, Nandor, *On the Trail of the Poltergeist.* New York: The Citadel Press, 1958.
———, *The Haunted Mind.* New York: Garrett Publications, 1959.
———, *Between Two Worlds.* W. Nyack, N.Y.: Parker Publishing Co., 1964.
Ford, Arthur, *Nothing So Strange.* New York: Harper & Bros., 1958.
Freud, Sigmund, "Dreams and the Occult," *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis.* London: Hogarth Press, 1934.
Fromer, Jacob, *Ghetto-Dämmerung.* Leipzig: Eine Lebensgeschichte, 1812.
Garrett, Eileen J., *Adventures in the Supernormal.* New York: Garrett Publications, 1959.
Gibson, Edmond P., "The Possession of Maria Talarico," *Fate,* April 1953.
Huxley, Aldous, *The Devils of Loudun.* New York: Harper & Bros., 1953.
Jung, C. G., *Memories, Dreams, Reflections.* New York: Pantheon Books, 1961.
Kramer, Heinrich, and Sprenger, Jacobus, *Malleus Maleficarum.* London: The Folio Society, 1968.

Lawson, John Cuthbert, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion.* New Hyde Park, N. Y.: University Books, 1964.
Leaf, Horace, *Death Cannot Kill.* London: Max Parrish.
Leek, Sybil, *Diary of a Witch.* Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1968.
Métraux, Alfred, *Voodoo.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1959.
Miller, R. DeWitt, *You Do Take It With You.* New York: The Citadel Press, 1955.
Monat, Dr. Natalie, "The Girl Who Usurped a Boy's Body," *Fate,* May 1968.
Murray, Margaret, *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe.* Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1921.
Oesterreich, T. K., *Possession.* New Hyde Park, N. Y.: University Books, 1966.
Owen, A.R.G., *Can We Explain the Poltergeist?* New York: Garrett Publications, 1964.
———, "Brownie, Incubus and Poltergeist," *International Journal of Parapsychology,* Autumn 1964.
Pollack, Jack Harrison, *Croiset the Clairvoyant.* Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1964.
Progoff, Ira, *The Image of an Oracle.* New York: Garrett Publications, 1964.
Randolph, Paschal Beverly, M.D., *After Death: The Disembodiment of Man.* Toledo, Ohio: Randolph Publishing Co., 1886.
Rhine, Joseph Banks, *The Reach of the Mind.* New York: William Sloane Assoc., 1947.
Robbins, Jhan and June, "Six Amazing Cases of Mental Telepathy," *This Week,* January 11, 1959.
———, "Can Twins Read Each Others' Minds?" *This Week,* January 28, 1962.
Seabrook, W. B., *The Magic Island.* New York: The Literary Guild of America, 1929.
Servadio, Emilio, M.D., "A Psychology of Telepathy," *Proceedings of Four Conferences of Parapsychological Studies.* New York: Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., 1957.
———, "Psychoanalysis and Telepathy," *Psychoanalysis and the Occult,* Ed., George Devereux. New York:

International Universities Press, Inc., 1953.
Sitwell, Sacheverell, *Poltergeists*. New Hyde Park, N.Y., University Books, 1959.
Smith, Susy, *World of the Strange*. New York: Pyramid Publications, 1963.
———*Widespread Psychic Wonders*. New York Ace Publishing Corp., 1970.
———, *ESP*. New York: Pyramid Publications, 1962.
Spence, Lewis, *Encyclopedia of Occultism*. New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1960.
Stekel, Wilhelm, M.D., "The Telepathic Dream." Vienna: 1921.
Summers, Montague, *The Vampire*. New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1960.
Symonds, John, *The Great Beast*. London: Rider & Co., 1951.
Tenhaeff, W.H.C., "On the Personality Structure of Paragnosts," *Proceedings*, Parapsychological Institute of the State University of Utrecht, December 1962.
Thurston, Herbert, S.J., *Ghosts and Poltergeists*. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1954.

JUST WHAT IS ESP?

Is there more than one kind?

Is it more common among members of the same family?

Does the average person have it?

Can it exist in dreams?

How do the psychoanalysts feel about it?

Susy Smith answers these—and countless other questions—in this fascinating, informative book. She documents her answers with psychic experiences in the lives of otherwise normal people.

If you want to probe deeper into the realms of the unknown, here are chapters devoted to demonic possession, poltergeists, black magic and psychedelic drug trips, among others. ESP AND YOU is a witch's brew of spellbinding reading, prepared for you by an acknowledged expert in the field. She is the author of the best-selling *Susy Smith's Supernatural World.*

A MACFADDEN-BARTELL BOOK

Printed in U.S.A.